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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

TO BE PROOF AGAINST BRITISH BULLETS: A ZULU INCANTATION.

The condition of Zululand is still disquieting, and many people believe that unless every precaution is taken there will be a rising of natives. Our picture shows a Zulu witch doctor practising his weird art, which is supposed to make the warriors invulnerable. The doctor is wearing fish bladders round his head, and his body is swathed in a dress of bullocks' hair. He works himself into a frenzy and dances wildly round the circle of warriors, dashing his switch into their faces, and occasionally thrusting a lump of some horrible mixture of clay and dirt into their mouths.

CURRANT COOKIES,

Or, as the children describe them, "Those lovely little long cakes with Currants in that you made for tea last winter." They are most delicious for afternoon tea, and, besides being so economical and easy to make, they are simply all nutriment. Here is the recipe:—

Ingredients: Half a pound of flour, two ounces of butter, three ounces of currants, two ounces of sugar, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, one tablespoonful of milk, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon.

Method: Rub the butter into the flour, mix in the baking powder, then add the sugar, the currants, and the cinnamon. Beat up the eggs with a little milk, and add to the dry ingredients. Mix into a fairly stiff paste, and put the mixture into a greased baking tin or flat square cake tin. Bake in a moderately heated oven for about twenty-five minutes. Cut into finger-shaped pieces and dredge with sugar.

Your Grocer will give you, free on request, a booklet, entitled "Currants—A Few Tasty Recipes," which is full of useful recipes suitable for the family dinner.

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THE DEATH OF THE KING OF SWEDEN.

KING OSCAR II. OF SWEDEN, who died on Sunday after a long life, a long reign, and a full measure of anxiety and disappointment, was the most accomplished and perhaps the most democratic of contemporary monarchs.

King Oscar was the third son of King Oscar I. and of Queen Josephine, daughter of Prince Eugene of Leuchtenberg. He was born at Stockholm on Jan. 21, 1829, and succeeded unexpectedly to the crown of Sweden on the death of his brother, King Carl XV., on Sept. 18, 1872.

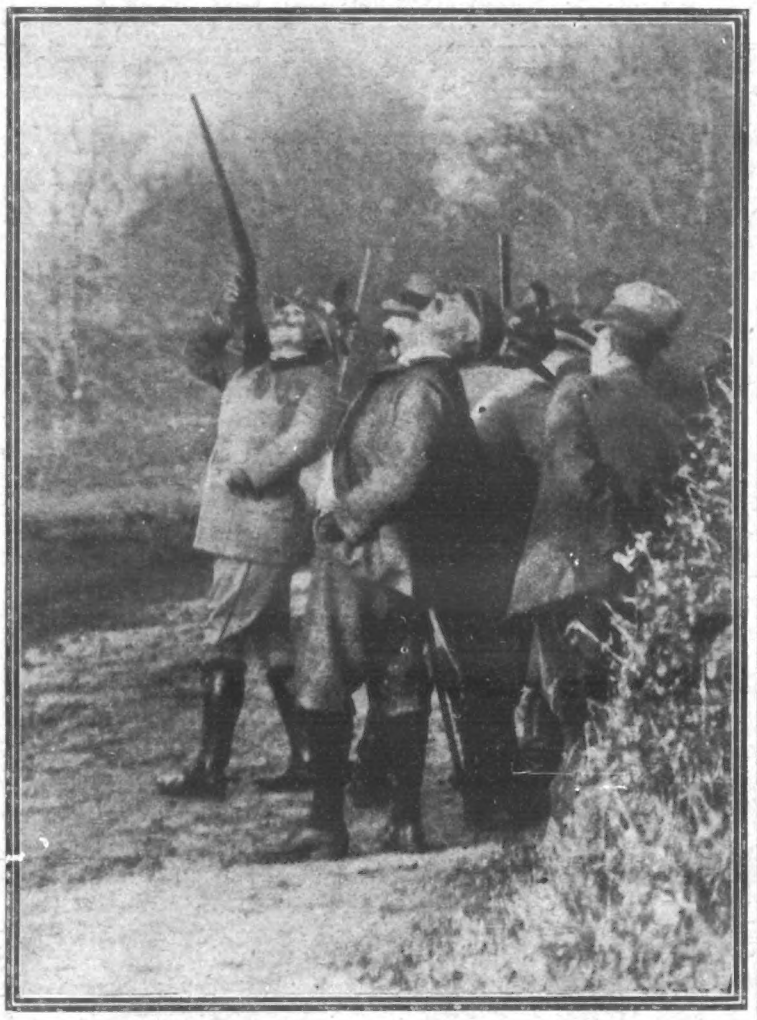
Oscar II., says a writer in the *Daily Express*, was the fourth King of the Bernadotte dynasty. His grandfather was Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, the son of a lawyer of Pau, who, entering the French army as a private, became one of Napoleon's Marshals, and was elected Crown Prince by the Swedes in 1810. Napoleon hated Bernadotte, whose wife, by the way, had once been betrothed to the great Corsican, and did his utmost to prevent his accepting the Swedish offer. His opposition was, however, turned by Bernadotte sarcastically asking: "Do you want, then, to make me so great that I can refuse a throne?"

THE QUEEN.

King Oscar married Princess Sophia Wilhelinina Marianna Henrietta of Nassau in 1857. At that time he had little apparent chance of ascending the throne, and his marriage was one entirely of inclination—an example which his sons have followed.

His late Majesty was a man of remarkable all-round ability. He was an author, a musician, a dramatist, an artist, a poet, a linguist, and an orator. He read and wrote eight languages, and spoke five. He sketched well, painted in water colours, had a technical mastery of seamanship, was a fine horseman, and the most eloquent speaker in Sweden. He was the most versatile and accomplished Sovereign of his time.

The one outstanding political event of his reign was the break-up of the joint kingdom of Norway and Sweden two years ago. Norway's independence was recognised without any call to arms, and though King Oscar had sufficient statesmanship to acquiesce in the new arrangement, it remained a bitter sorrow to him.



THE KAISER SHOOTING NEAR HIGHCLIFFE.

His Majesty is a most enthusiastic sportsman, and he has attended many shooting parties during his "rest" cure in England.

The Nobel prizes and their international distribution were to the last among his most cherished interests, and held his close attention at each recurring session of the committee which confers the awards.

His personal relations with his subjects were of the most intimate description. He enjoyed mixing with them incognito, in the streets, cafés, and public places, although his pronounced individuality made the proceeding a little difficult.

CHARACTERISTIC STORY.

A story illustrating his simple bonhomie was related by M. Gaston Bonnier, the botanist.

M. Bonnier was botanising near Stockholm, when he met a stranger similarly occupied. The two botanists fraternised, and M. Bonnier suggested that they should lunch together at an inn. "No; come home and lunch with me instead," said the stranger; and he led the way to the Palace and opened the gate. M. Bonnier was naturally astonished, but his new acquaintance was most apologetic. "I 'm sorry," he said, "but I happen to be the King of this country, and this is the only place I 've got to entertain anybody in." So they went in and lunched, and talked botany together all the afternoon.

King Oscar's simplicity of character was equally observable in the conduct of the Swedish Court, which, under his régime, became the simplest and homeliest in Europe. The poorest subject could call and speak to the King with no more formality than the sending in of his name. No Monarch lived more closely in touch with his people, or shared with them more sincerely the joys and sorrows of their homely lives.

Bravery was not the least of King Oscar's many virtues. On several occasions he performed deeds of valour. Of the sixty Orders and medals conferred on him he valued none more highly than the medal which he received from the French Humane Society for the courage he displayed in stopping a pair of runaway horses at Nice in 1862, thereby saving the lives of three people who, but for his intervention, would have been hurled headlong down a precipice.

A deep and genuine spirit of piety was characteristic of King Oscar. He sympathised fully with the religious enthusiasm of his Queen, who for many years has been an ardent supporter of the Salvation Army. Prince Oscar, who surrendered his position to marry his mother's Maid-of-Honour, so far inherited his parents' characteristics as to become for a time a missionary among the Lapps.

Photo. Topical.

THE DEATH OF THE KING OF SWEDEN: A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SWEDISH ROYAL FAMILY.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of the aged King of Sweden, who died on Sunday. Our photograph shows: (1) The new King, Gustavus Adolphus; (2) The Crown Prince, with his son; (3) The late King Oscar; (4) The Crown Princess; (5) The widowed Queen.

MY LIFE IN AUSTRALIA

BY

George H. Druce

(Edited by KENNETH HENDERSON).

PART II. (*Continued.*)

THE tongues of flame, half a mile in width, leapt 300 ft. into the air, catching the tops of the highest trees, and before long spread right over the country-side: a terrific, rushing belt of smoke and flame.

Of course, before these fires are kindled everyone in the neighbourhood is warned, so that they can keep outside the danger zone.

The following morning, we tramped over the course which the fire had taken. The flames had done their work almost too well. In some places there was no packing to be done, as the ground was scorched bare. Here and there we came across the bleached bones of opossums and wallabies (a small species of kangaroo). These animals live in logs, and have little or no chance of escape from a bush fire, which consumes them, logs and all.

Some time after, I returned home, arriving on the night of my sister's death. After this I never went up country again, but settled down to regular employment in and around Melbourne. For some time my father's eyesight had been bad, and eventually he became totally blind, so in the evenings I would sit at home and recount my experiences in the bush from that morning when, as a boy of fifteen, I had left home. It was during these evenings spent at home with my father that I gathered from him his recollections of my grandfather, T. C. Druce, and the visits he had paid to the Baker Street Bazaar. Up to the day of his death I feel sure my father knew nothing of the mystery which surrounded his father. Some evenings he would sit silent for a long time, with the lids dropped over his sightless eyes, and then I knew he was thinking of his father, for he would wag his head and say, "Yes; the old man was a queer stick," and dismiss the subject from his mind.

PART III.

I HAVE related how, some considerable time before his death, my father became totally blind. After the active and roving life which he had led this loss of sight was a terrible affliction. Often in the evenings I would sit at home and try to relieve the tedium of his long dark days. I would relate to him my own experiences in the bush, and he in his turn would tell me tales of the early settlers, of big finds, wild escapades, and Aboriginal lore. His old friends would also drop in for an hour or so, and between them they related experiences which are still fresh in my memory.

There is a saying "Once a miner, always a miner," for it is a lamentable fact that very few of the numerous diggers who discovered big nuggets, or otherwise made sensational finds, were benefited to any extent by their good fortune. A few thrifty ones made good use of their suddenly-acquired wealth, but the majority die poor, or are hard-up within a very few years after having handled thousands. Rich to-day and poor to-morrow, easily got and easily spent, summed up the devil-may-care diggers when gold was more plentiful than it is now. They never worry over it. I have never met one who showed any keen regret that he had not taken care of his pile when he had it. While he can still pan off a few specks he seems contented. But don't take him away from the diggings; there he must live and die. His only bitter memory is the fact of having narrowly missed a big find. Most miners who have followed the calling for years can remember some lucky find that they had been within a pick-thrust of striking. Many a shaft that had been abandoned as a duffer had turned up trumps, after all.

I remember a digger telling me how he had gone into a deep shaft on a Victorian field and discovered a nugget nearly as big as his head. Rain had washed the dirt off the surface and left it glittering. Those who sank the shaft had worked there for months, and scarcely got a colour for their trouble.

Only the other day I was talking with a friend who walked over the deserted diggings around Molingol the day before the famous "Welcome Stranger" was found. This nugget, which weighed 2208 oz. and was valued at £9534, was found by two puddlers named Denson and Oates. They were driving their carts to work, and a rut made by the wheel in the soft loam of the track revealed the now famous nugget.

Naturally, when wealth was so easily come by, incidents of reckless extravagance were numerous. It was difficult in those days to devise means for spending more than was necessary for creature comforts, so extravagance meant literally throwing money away.

Tales are told about Beechworth where lucky prospectors shod their horses with shoes of gold and galloped wildly round the town. Bank-notes would be used to light pipes, and at Bendigo, in the rough little theatre, nuggets of gold would be thrown to the actresses who aroused the enthusiasm of the prodigal miners. Another favourite form of prodigality was for a miner to enter an hotel, order dinner for a number of people, and then, when the table had been laid, to take hold of the cloth and sweep everything on to the floor, cheerfully paying for the damage he had done. If he did not wish to wait for the table to be set the fortune-favoured digger would ride up to the bar on horseback and set his horse to jump the bar-counter. Perhaps a still more reckless form of extravagance was to play nine-pins, where the pins were bottles of champagne, which in those days could not be purchased for less than £15 per dozen.

Hundreds of incidents such as these could be related to show what men did when plunged into sudden wealth, and with the belief that the country they were exploiting was one vast treasure-trove.

The natives of Australia, unlike those of other "discovered" countries, were in no position to offer any determined resistance to the exploration of their country by the early white settlers, for even in the days of Captain Cook they were few in number, and now there is a fear that they are dying out.

These natives, or Aborigines as they are termed, are a nomadic race, and wander from place to place, but have separate territories, with a tribal caste and tribal feuds, and a king to each tribe. These make war upon one another, and fight with spears, stone tomahawks, and the "nulla-nulla," a stick made from the root of a tree, and having a thick, round head that is rough and at times spiked, after the natural growth of the root. The "boomerang," another war weapon, is in the form of a crescent, also made from hard wood and well polished. The blacks become so clever at throwing this that they can cast it from them into the air for a considerable distance and in such a scientific manner that it will return to them again and fall at their feet, or, according to the aim, it will strike the object at which it is hurled with wonderful precision. This art has always been most zealously guarded by the natives, and to this day I do not think there are ten white men to whom the secret has been imparted.

Under the later civilised rule and the consequential civil and commercial laws of the country, the natives are used as "trackers," and have been the means of bringing to justice many a criminal, who, but for the extraordinary craft of these men, would have escaped punishment. In the gigantic forest lands and the huge plains with which the country abounds their animal instinct, which may be compared with the scent of a bloodhound, stands them in very good stead for other lack of intelligence or their power to acquire it. These "trackers" are now stationed at numerous centres, ready to aid the Criminal Investigation Department. The powers brought into requisition are remarkable. You can call one of these creatures to you in the middle of the forest or the centre of a huge plain, and demonstrate to him that you are anxious to trace an individual who has mysteriously, or otherwise, disappeared. The tracker will then go through all sorts of antics. He will lie flat upon the ground and examine closely the locality, apparently using an extra sense with which he is endowed. He will then stand up and survey the nature of the surrounding country, noting especially the features which appeal to him from his own peculiar standpoint. After which he will indicate with his arm in which direction search should be made, and unless rain has fallen since the missing man left, the tracker will not fail to find the trail.

A TYPICAL GOLD-DIGGER'S HUT IN VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

The Aborigines' method of climbing trees of the greatest height is most peculiar. They take a piece of stringy bark, and, twisting it into the form of a rope, throw it round the trunk and then place their body in the loop. Sitting in this and placing their feet against the massive trunk, they catch the sides of the bark rope in their hands and thus speedily work themselves up some ninety or a hundred feet, until they reach the top, where they are sure of finding a native bear or 'possum lurking in the cavity of the upper boughs of the tall gum-tree.

The native bear, the 'possum, and the kangaroo are the staple foods of the Aborigine. Snakes and a large white wood-grub, which they find in the pith or decayed parts of the logs, are as great a luxury as snails to a Frenchman. The Aborigine is a bit of a gourmet, in his way. He will not eat a snake that has not been killed according to his own peculiar method. This is to stand for hours, if necessary, over the reptile's hole, with the point of a sharpened stick resting on the edge of the cavity. Immediately the snake gets his head out, the stick is thrust through the body just behind the head, and is pinned to the ground. The snake is then left in its hole until it dies, which is invariably at sundown. The reason for this method is to prevent the snake from biting itself and thereby from poisoning its own flesh.

What is so remarkable about the Aborigines of Australia is that there is nothing to connect them with any particular race of mankind. The light of history fails to throw even a single ray backward into the dark obscurity which envelops them. That no earlier people ever possessed the country—that no vestige of any other race has ever been discovered within the wide extent of the Great South Land—this we know and little else. Their total ignorance of the use of metals proves that they have never advanced beyond the age of Stone. The flint arrow-heads, found in such abundance on the sites of the dwelling-places of the people of the Old World, are wholly unknown in Australia, for the Aboriginal Australian knew not even the use of the bow and arrow—perhaps the most universal of all weapons used either in war or the chase. In their language and their social customs also the Aborigines differ vastly from all other black races in the world. Many of their customs are so peculiar, and, I think, so little known in this country, that I hope to be excused if next week I dwell upon them at some considerable length.

(*To be continued.*)

TROUBLE IN ZULULAND.

(*Continued from page 392.*)

made a night attack was when the searchlight had broken down, and had been left behind at N'kandhla. One evening some loyal chiefs were taken by Colonel McKenzie to see the searchlight. Assembling them round the wagon he showed the marvellous methods adopted by the white men for spying out the country. The light was swept on the surrounding hills, showing the roads and Kaffir paths. The chiefs gave loud expressions of their surprise, and one said, "At night God has only one eye, and has turned it on the native in anger." At the conclusion the light was turned full in their faces, and they cowered in silence, awestruck at the latest witchcraft of the white man. Should Dinizulu's men show fight, Colonel McKenzie will proceed to the royal kraals at Usutu and shell them. He has under his command, roughly, about three thousand militiamen, composed of the following regiments—

Natal Carbineers.
Natal Naval Corps.
Natal Mounted Rifles.
Natal Field Artillery (twelve guns).
Natal Police.
Border Mounted Rifles.
Umvoti Mounted Rifles.
Northern District Mounted Rifles.
Zululand Mounted Rifles.
Durban Light Infantry.
Natal Royal Rifles.

Zululand Native Police (the Nonggais), and the various Service Corps, Supply, Medical, Telegraph and Veterinary. By calling out the 1st and 2nd Reserves, another seven thousand men could be put in the field. The Transvaal and Cape Colony could easily send a further ten thousand fully equipped men to the assistance of the colony, so there is not much probability of Imperial troops being required, except for garrison duty in the larger towns such as Pietermaritzburg and Durban. Colonel Sir Duncan McKenzie, K.C.B., C.M.G., V.D. is perhaps the most competent officer it would be possible to obtain to quell the rising. He has lived in the country all his life and knows the native mind thoroughly. In the last rebellion he made use of every opportunity offered, and carried out his tactics with daring rapidity. He could always be seen in the bush drives, rifle in hand, leading his troops, and inspired them with such confidence that they were ready to follow him anywhere.

It has been said that Colonel McKenzie was fortunate. No one will deny this; but in him fortune found one who wasted none of her favours. It is only to be hoped that the Negrophiles at home will not prevail on the Government to hinder him from carrying out his plans as successfully in this campaign as he did in the last. Any signs of weakening on our part now, or a single reverse, would set not only Zululand, but the whole of South Africa ablaze, and on the heads of these agitators will rest the blame of the terrible fate which would befall our brothers and sisters living on isolated farms in the Colonies.

LAWRENCE EVELYN DUNDAS.

P.I.P. PLAYGOER

BY THE PROMPTER.

LONDON should, indeed, be glad of its Marie Tempest. In "Angela," the three-act farcical comedy by George Duval and Cosmo Gordon Lennox, now running at the Comedy Theatre, Miss Marie Tempest literally "makes bricks without straw"—in other words, she succeeds in providing playgoers with a most amusing evening out of what, in its present form, must be classed as very poor material. The plot of "Angela," indeed, is as old as the oldest of hills. A marriage is arranged between Angela, a widow of thirty, and "the harmless, necessary man," by their respective father and uncle. The couple, who are to take each other "for better or for worse," by chance meet in the train. An accident occurs, and Angela and her fiancé are forced to sup together in what, I must confess, struck me as quite the Frenchiest of French buffets ever likely to be found in the provinces in England. What happens next? Well, of course, you have guessed this already, as I have said that the plot is of the most prehistoric order. Anyway, Angela and her future husband fall in love; and, by this original device, playgoers are supposed to go home happy. Do they go home happy? Of course they do, because Miss Marie Tempest is a perfect genius. Were this not so, I fear "Angela" would not attract playgoers to the Comedy Theatre; but, thanks to Miss Tempest, they will go there.

***

I learn that Mr. Martin Harvey has arranged with Mr. Tom B. Jones to play a long London season in the autumn of next year at the Adelphi. According to present arrangement, it seems that we shall not, therefore, see Mr. Martin Harvey in London—in the West End, at any rate—next summer, as has recently been his usual custom.

***

Do not be surprised if you find that Miss Lena Ashwell's next theatrical venture is a play at present called, "Paid in Full," by Eugene Walter. I do not, of course, suggest for a moment that Miss Ashwell is in need of a successor to "Irene Wycherley," but when a new play is required, you will probably find that I have proved a true prophet.

***

Her countless friends and admirers will doubtless be pleased to hear that Miss Agnes Hewitt has been engaged to play Black Meg in "The Christian" at the Shaftesbury. Mr. Hall Caine's play is still drawing crowded houses.

***

That popular comedian, Mr. Dan Rolyat, who has recently been touring with enormous success in "Tom Jones," told me an amusing story the other day anent mushrooms. Here it is. "The amount of time that mushroom pickers," the worthy Daniel remarked gravely, "especially inexperienced pickers, waste when on picking mushrooms intent in trying to make out whether this funny little umbrella-like vegetable is really a mushroom, and is not a poisonous toadstool, is perfectly iniquitous. I assure you they waste, in the course of a month, hours and hours by running to ask the farm labourers whether the thing they are going to put in their basket really is a mushroom. Why don't they taste, and see for themselves? If they live, it 's a mushroom. If they die, it 's a toadstool."

***

Miss Sanderson, the champion lady fencer of the world, who recently defeated Mlle. Brassa in Paris, in three bouts, and who commenced her first music-hall engagement at the Metropolitan on Monday night, has issued a challenge to fence any lady, amateur or professional, for the championship of the world and a stake of 200 guineas. In addition, Miss Sanderson is prepared each evening to meet any lady fencer in a bout for points, and will present five guineas to any opponent winning the bout. Miss Sanderson, who is English, has already received several challenges from ladies attached to schools in Paris.

***

"Talbanther, Limited," which, of course, you know, stands for a combination of those well-known theatrical gentlemen, Messrs. Howard Talbot, Leedham Bantock, and Frank Stather, will present their first production before very long. It is to be a musical comedy—the author is Mr. Arthur Law—and it will tell you all about the adventures of a certain peculiar nobleman. Mr. Adrian Ross has written the lyrics, and Mr. Howard Talbot is responsible for the music.

***

That popular novel, "Three Weeks," has been dramatised by its authoress, Elinor Glyn, and will, according to present arrangements, be produced in America by Messrs. Shubert. sincerely hope that the play will prove more interesting than the book.

***

"The Sins of Society" has been a gigantic success at Drury Lane Theatre, and doubtless it would have drawn theatre-goers for many weeks to come; but the rehearsals for the Drury Lane pantomime made it necessary that this successful drama should "come off."

***

Mr. Seymour Hicks's sketch, "A Dress Rehearsal," now being played at the Tivoli, is quite amusing—and very amusing to those of us who know the peculiarities of the most popular theatrical celebrities of the day. But, to be perfectly frank, it is somewhat "shoppy"—in other words, it can be best appreciated by members of the profession—but it is well worth seeing, all the same. What a wonderfully versatile man Mr. "Stealmore Tricks" is, isn't he? Really, he seems to have enough energy for forty ordinary men!

***

I had a letter the other day from a friend of mine in Australia who has been seeing a good deal of the tremendous series of successes that Clara Butt has had there. Apparently, she and her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, have been having what one may rightly call "a high old time," for everywhere they have been so far they have been "ovated" in the most enthusiastic way. One hears a good deal nowadays about the overcrowded state both of the stage and of the concert-platform, and people are always saying that there is no money to be made: but when one hears that Clara Butt's nine concerts in Melbourne showed an average "gate" of about £800 and that her nine concerts at Sydney ran into a little matter of £1000 a piece, one begins to wonder whether, after all, there may not be a little money in music. However, of course everyone is not a Clara Butt, and I am sure there is not a single member of the British public who will not feel proud and pleased to hear of such successes on the part of an artist so popular as she, and equally proud at such a proof of England's ability to produce great musical talent—in spite of the foreign invasion, and the continued popularity of those whose names end in "owsky," "insky," and so on.

Photo. Bassano.

"THE NEW BOY" AT THE NEW THEATRE.

This farce has been recently successfully revived at the New Theatre. Our photograph is of one of the most humorous situations in the play.

THE UNPATRIOTIC BALLOON THAT STEERED ITSELF TO BELFAST.

Photos. Topical.

The missing French air-ship, "La Patrie," was found on a farm near Belfast. Our photographs show Captain Meyneli, who came from Belfast at the request of the British Government, acting on behalf of the French Government, superintending the removal of the propeller; and the propeller, the most important part of "La Patrie," just after being discovered on the farm.

THE MONTE CARLO MURDER

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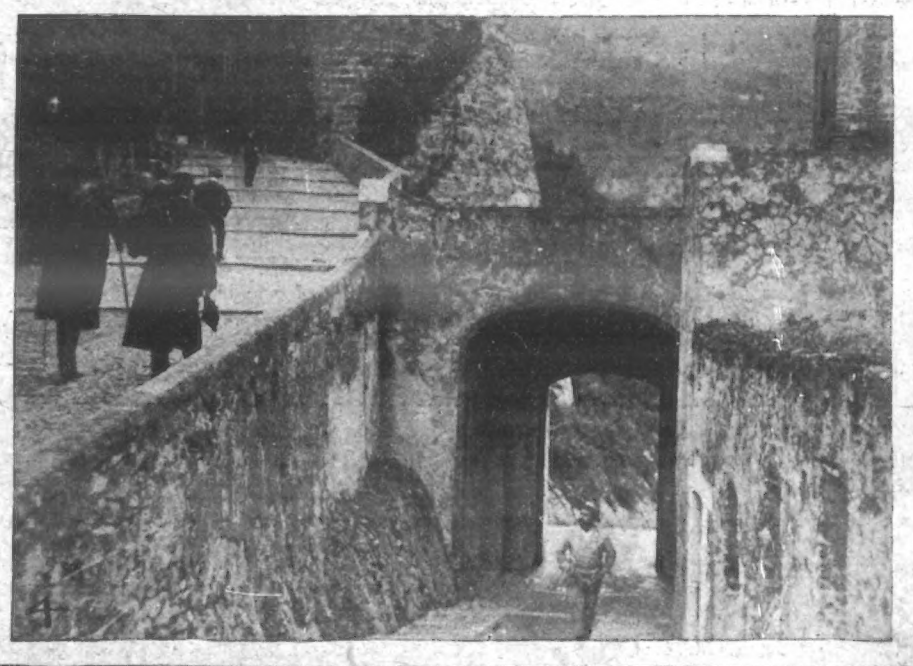

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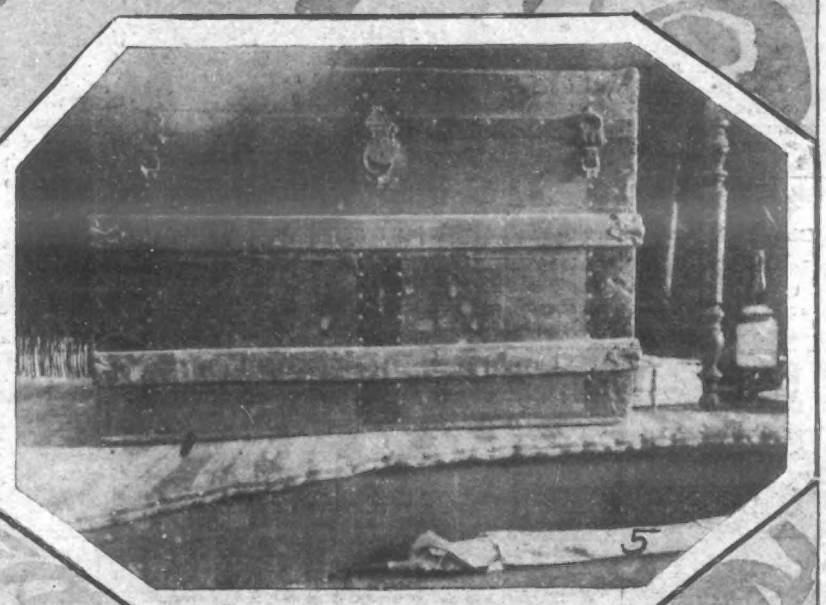

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The Monte Carlo Murder Trial has at last come to an end, and Madame Goold lies condemned to death for the murder of Madame Levin, whilst her husband has escaped with a sentence of imprisonment for life. The method of trial has not appealed to Britons, and it is probably true to say that most of them are appalled by the "reconstruction" of the crime which was carried out in the presence of the accused. The denunciatory oratory of the counsel for the prosecution is against all English ideas of justice, for it assumes guilt from the start. It is impossible, however, to say that the Goolds deserved mercy, but, on the other hand, the methods used to condemn them could only be described as brutal. No. 1. Madame Goold weeps in the dock; No. 2. The curious courthouse in which the trial took place; No. 3. Head of the Monaco police (on the right) who forced a confession from the male prisoner; No. 4. The picturesque road to the prison; No. 5. The trunk that held the maimed limbs of Madame Levin.

WORLD OF PASTIME:

SNAPSHOTS OF SPORT OF THE WEEK.

CHELSEA v. MANCHESTER CITY.
City score the first of their goals.

CHELSEA v. MANCHESTER CITY.
The game ended in a two-all draw.

FOOTBALL.

WE shall shortly have Cup Tie "fever" on us, for the draw for the English competition proper was made at the offices of the Football Association on Monday, and the struggle for the most interesting of all contests under the dribbling code will begin in January. It cannot be said that Southern teams have met with the best of luck, for in the majority of instances they have to play on their opponents' ground.

For instance, Millwall have to journey to Bury to play the Lancashire club. The North Greenwich team are born cup-fighters, but they have to meet a team very bad to beat at Gigg Lane, However, the Lions have the happy knack of showing at their best when appearances are against them, and whatever the result of the match with Bury, they are sure to give a good account of themselves.

Queen's Park Rangers have been drawn against Reading at Park Royal, and it is a near thing which will win. West Ham receive Rotherham Town at Boleyn Castle, and the Londoners should win, whilst the Arsenal will be at home to Hull City. Luton meet Fulham at Luton, but Fulham should win; and Chelsea should have very little difficulty in putting paid to the pretensions of Worksop, even though they are playing away from home.

The matches in the First Division of the League last Saturday were rather uneventful. Chelsea managed to draw with Manchester City, but there was nothing in the play to excite much emotion. Woolwich Arsenal journeyed to Bolton to be beaten by the Wanderers by three goals to one, and Sheffield United had the better of Preston North End by two goals to nil. Notts Forest were at home to Notts County, a rare battle between the local rivals ending in a victory for the Foresters by two goals to nil.

Newcastle United entertained Everton, and had the better of the argument by two goals to one. Bury distinguished themselves by defeating Middlesbrough on the latter's ground by two goals to nil, and Manchester United had the better of Bristol City by two goals to one. Liverpool were at home to Aston Villa, and won very easily by five goals to nil, this being the biggest surprise in the League. In the match between Sunderland and Birmingham, the latter club, though playing at home, went under by two goals to nil, and, judging by their latest displays, they have evidently struck a bad patch. The remaining match was that between Blackburn Rovers and Sheffield Wednesday at Ewood Park, the Lancashire side winning by two goals to nil.

In the Second Division, Fulham accounted for Leicester Fosse, on the latter's ground, though it was only by the odd goal in five; but the other London Second League club, Clapton Orient, were not engaged in the competition, and the other matches played call for no special comment. However, it is interesting to note that two clubs who were in the First Division last season, Derby County and Stoke, met on the latter's ground, the former winning by three goals to nil.

The Southern League matches panned out very much according to public form. In the course of a straggling game, Brentford got the better of Luton by three goals to one. Millwall beat Brighton and Hove by three goals to two, and Swindon, on Leyton's ground, beat that team by two goals to one. Perhaps the best performance in the competition was that of Queen's Park Rangers, who defeated Watford, on the latter's ground, by three clear goals, obtained without a response. Reading

Waiting for the ball.

Collared on the line.

CARDIFF BEAT BLACKHEATH BY 24 POINTS TO 10 POINTS.

ENGLAND v. IRELAND.
The English amateurs beat the Irish by six goals to one.

ENGLAND v. IRELAND.
G. W. Wright gets away and centres prettily.

MIDDLESEX v. GLOUCESTER AT KEW.
Middlesex score a goal, and win by five to nil.

SURREY v. KENT.
Surrey, who won by five to three, force the game.

THE GRAND ANNUAL HURDLE RACE.—The last hurdle: Amersham (the winner) leading from Mark and Barab.

THE EFFINGHAM STEEPLECHASE.—Anis, Orpington, and Culloden's Delight safely over the second fence.

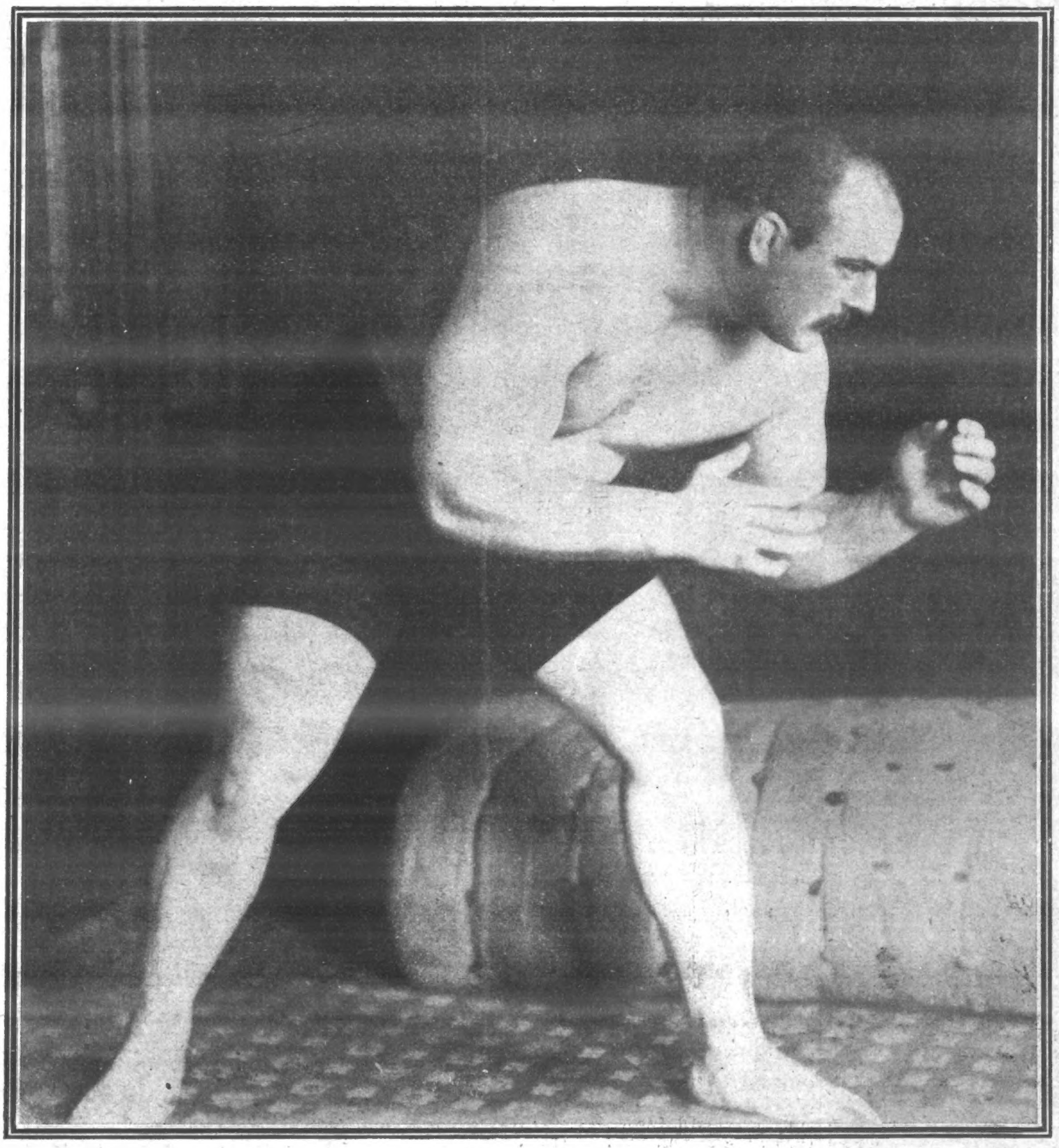
THE SANDOWN PARK MEETING

got the better of Tottenham Hotspur by three goals to one; and Bristol Rovers beat the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, by the odd goal in three.

Of the other matches, Norwich City and West Ham drew at one goal each, on the former's ground; and at Bradford, Park Avenue beat Portsmouth by three goals to two.

WRESTLING.

Never have I seen a more disappointing exhibition than that on Monday afternoon, when Zbysco and Padoubny met at the London Pavilion. It was a match of heads without brains—that is, the heads of the two men were constantly in contact, but both of them were too slow to take advantage of openings. Zbysco won on a foul, and to my mind he should have been given the verdict earlier, for, prior to being tripped and thrown under the ropes—a course of action which cost Padoubny the match—he was butted on the mouth by the Russian. Hackenschmidt was close by me on the stage, and was looking paler than usual. Yet I should like to back him to beat Zbysco, despite the big difference in weight.



THE DISAPPOINTING WRESTLING MATCH AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

Zbysco, who won the match on a foul. The Galician wrestled coolly, but his opponent, Padoubny, was excited, and showed bad temper almost from the start, and at length tripped his opponent, and the referee stopped the match and awarded the victory to Zbysco.

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DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Walking seems to be a popular pastime at the moment, and week after week we are treated to exhibitions of the heel-and-toe mode of progression on the road. Last Saturday the Malden Harriers held an inter-club walk, over a course eleven and a-half miles in extent, starting from their headquarters at Malden. No less than fifteen teams competed, and the Herne Hill Harriers' "A" team won with 42 points, against 45 points by the United Harriers.

The Wigmore Harriers decided a five miles handicap from their headquarters. In the result G. Parker, 1 min. 55 sec., start, was returned the winner, P. Tidd was second, and W. G. Elwood third.

If You Cannot Sleep, because you have a cough or tickling in your throat, use the unrivalled remedy, Keating's Cough Lozenges; one alone affords relief—well called "sweet relief"—in cases of cough, asthma, bronchitis Sold everywhere in tins, 13½d. each; free for stamps.—Thomas Keating, Chemist, London.—[Advt.]

NATIVE UNREST:

By LAWRENCE E. DUNDAS:

IT is now a little over a year since the rebellion was stamped out in Zululand, and yet to-day things appear nearly as serious as they were when Sir Duncan McKenzie and his force took the field in April 1906. It was then, as it is now, generally feared that the country was on the verge of a native rising which might spread even beyond the borders of Zululand and Natal. After a campaign lasting four months, some thousands of the enemy were killed or sent into captivity, their kraals burned, their crops destroyed, and their cattle (the Zulus' most prized possession) captured. It might reasonably have been thought that this would have effectually quelled any further disturbance, and act as a deterrent for many a day against rebellion and sedition. If after the rebellion of last year Dinizulu had been removed from the country, this might have been so; but there is no doubt that now, as then, he has been urging on his race, who still look upon him as their King, to murder the chiefs of his tribe who were loyal to the British in the last campaign. Last year the fighting was almost entirely confined to the Mapumulo district in Natal and the N'kandhla Bush in Zululand. The latter place would probably be the scene of future operations. N'kandhla magistracy is a small collection of buildings forty miles north-west of Eshowe, and was Colonel McKenzie's base of operations last year. It stands on high ground beneath the Empandhleni Mountain, one of the highest points in Zululand. From this point one can see Eshowe, and it was used as a signalling station to that place during the Zulu War of '79. Beyond Eshowe one can see a long blue line, which marks the waters of the Indian Ocean, fifty miles away. On the west is Ntingwe, which, in a direct line, is barely ten miles distant, but owing to the rugged nature of the country, a circuitous route has to be taken to reach it of no less than thirty-seven miles. Between the Empandhleni and Ntingwe lies the Insuzi Gorge. Eight miles to the north the obelisk monument on the Itala Mountain, in memory of those who fell at the Itala fight against Botha's army, stands out boldly against the sky-line. Due south, five miles distant, lies the dreaded N'kandhla Bush where the fighting will take place. It would be impossible to describe effectually the sight which meets one's gaze as one stands on the Nomanci Mount and looks down upon the surrounding country. Although called a bush, it is in reality a forest of thirty square miles, so thick with undergrowth, and intersected with precipitous ravines and gorges, as to be hardly accessible to the Zulus themselves. It is a scene that would rival in grandeur the cañons of the Rocky Mountains. Precipitous krantzes are everywhere. From the top of the Nomanci Mountain, near N'kandhla, to the bed of the Insuzi River, flowing through the bush, is a drop of two thousand feet. In order to reach the bush one has to clamber down cliffs and slopes thickly wooded, along streams and waterfalls strewn with great boulders and deep pools. Now and then a rock gives way, and one falls twenty or thirty feet into a gorge, out of which it is sometimes very difficult to extract oneself. There are caves everywhere, and strongholds almost inaccessible. As one pushes oneself through the bush one is nearly strangled by monkey creeper (a thick creeper resembling a network of rope from tree to tree), and thorn bushes prick one's hands and face. You can imagine the difficulties a man carrying 200 rounds of ammunition on his back and a rifle in his hand has to contend with. Beside the physical discomforts he has to be on the alert for the enemy, and, if the troops are driving in line, to see that he keeps in touch with the file on his right and left. Often the bush is so dense that he can see neither, and has to keep on calling out to let the others know his exact position. For such fighting, troops must indeed be hardened and vigorous.

DINIZULU, THE ZULU CHIEF,
Son of the notorious Cetewayo.

SIGINANDA, THE GREAT ZULU CHIEF.
He is over 107 years old.

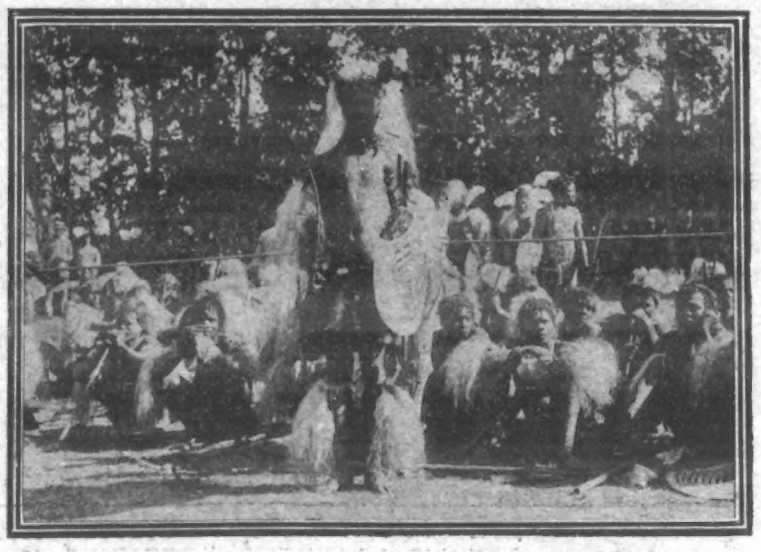
There is only one road through the bush, a winding one of six or seven miles long by twenty feet broad. The growth is dense on both sides, and in many places the road passes under cliffs and high banks.

It is in this bush that the enemy can assume the defensive. They know every hole and corner, and, being unhampered by transport, can move with great rapidity. Should Colonel McKenzie find it necessary to drive the bush, the procedure will, no doubt, be similar to that carried out last year. All the principal magistracies, such as Eshowe, Melmoth, and N'kandhla, will be garrisoned; the women and children and non-combatants will be brought in from the surrounding country, and the places strongly fortified with sand-bags and barbed wire. A large camp will be formed on the Nomanci Mountain, the highest peak in the N'kandhla Range, and which is perfectly flat on top and only approachable from two sides.

One morning the troops will move out, probably at about 2 a.m., and march to their various positions, detailed to them on the previous evening. A strong column will march along the wagon road through the bush to the south and take up fortified positions a few hundred yards from the edge of the forest. Another strong column, with artillery, will line the N'kandhla Range, looking down on the bush. The artillery will take up positions on Nomanci Hill and Gun Hill, a high peak about four miles from the camp.

On the first streak of dawn the guns will open fire with shrapnel, sweeping systematically the bush within range, and the kraals and strongholds which can be plainly seen dotted here and there among the green foliage two thousand feet below. After about an hour's bombardment the troops will receive the order to advance. Should native levies

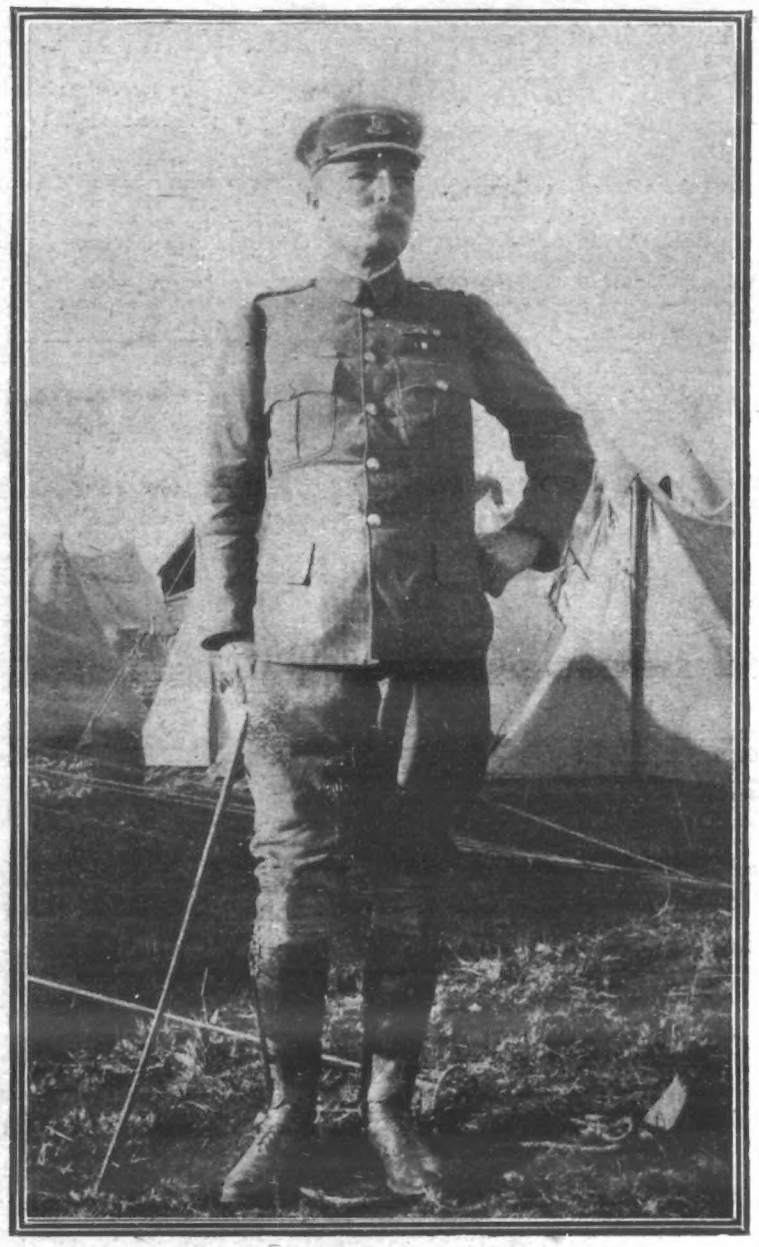
GUIDE TO COLONEL McKENZIE.
The short, bearded figure is Mr. Longcast, the guide who took part in the Zulu War.



A ZULU CHIEF IN HIS WAR-PAINT,
Surrounded by a body of his native followers.

TROUBLE IN NATAL.

Late Natal Field Artillery.



COLONEL SIR DUNCAN McKENZIE,
In charge of the operations in Africa.

be used, as they were last year, they will be used as the first line, and will be strengthened by British troops, who will advance, dismounted, immediately behind them. Last year there was a proportion of one white soldier to five native levies. Except, however, aptitude for picking out the easiest way of penetrating the bush, the native levies were not a success, as on the first sign of the enemy they promptly retired and left the British to bear the brunt of the fighting.

Once the troops have entered the bush they are entirely lost to view for the day, and not a sound can be heard unless they come into immediate contact with the enemy, which is seldom. The Zulus generally retire to the centre of the bush, where they are more at home and the British at more of a disadvantage. Once inside the bush it is every man for himself; one soon loses the sense of direction, and often a small body of troops who have become detached from the main line of advance, wander on for hours, and eventually come out at the same spot where they entered the bush in the morning. This, of course, gives the enemy the opportunity of breaking through the British line without their knowledge, and consequently the drive is a failure. This happened many times last year, and it was very discouraging to the troops to find that after a sixteen-hour drive none had come into contact with the enemy, and to receive intelligence that they had gone back to their previous positions in the bush.

By the time the troops have driven on to the columns on the south side it is quite dark, and, of course, impossible to go back through the bush, so they have to return by a roundabout way to the camp, perhaps a fifteen to twenty mile march, tired, hungry, and disappointed, knowing they will have to go over the same ground and endure the same hardships on the following day.

On the other hand, should the drive be successful the fight is sudden and fierce. The Zulus concentrate in one spot, and the thin line of drivers have to meet the brunt and keep the enemy off until the other drivers, warned by the shouts and firing, break through the dense undergrowth to their comrades' assistance. Last year a captain and eight men of Royston's Horse had a very nasty experience while driving in this manner with the rest of the troops. They found themselves considerably in advance of the rest of the line, and were crossing a dry donga when they were attacked by a strong impi of the enemy, who came at them from the opposite bank. Their position was a perilous one, as they were too far out of touch with the rest of the troops. To retreat would have meant certain death. They faced the enemy from their position in the donga, as the Zulus came down the steep, wooded hill. The captain was shot in one arm and wounded with an assegai in the other. No longer able to shoulder his rifle, he emptied his revolver. Four of his men were instantly killed and three wounded. A dozen or more of the enemy lay dead around the donga. One man only was left, and

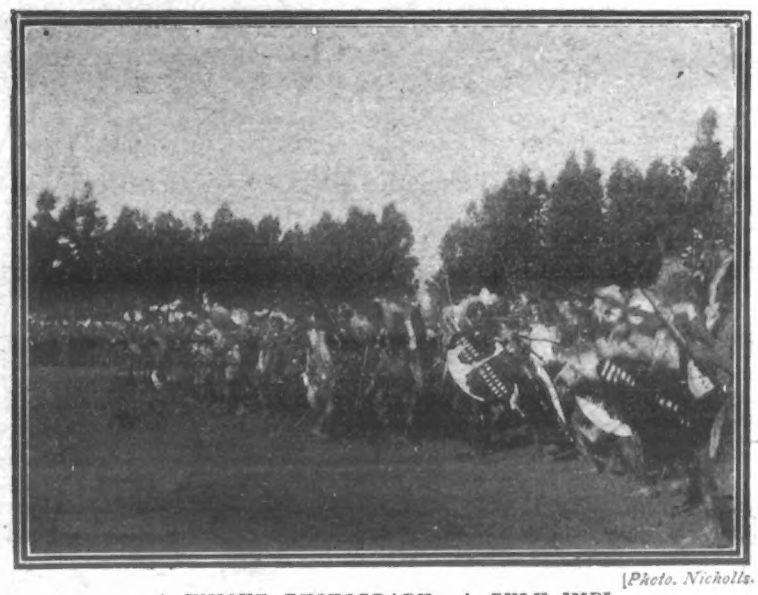
N'DAHANINGI, SIGINANDA'S SECOND SON.
One of the chief factors of the agitation.

all hope had gone, when Colonel Royston and reinforcements dashed through the bush and drove the enemy off with a heavy loss, thus saving the captain and wounded from a horrible death. Royston's Horse was the corps, raised and commanded by Colonel Royston, which did such good work in the field. They were raised, equipped, and took the field within a week; and, consequently, their clothing was not of the best. After a month in the field a more disreputable-looking lot it would have been difficult to find. What they lacked in personal appearance, however, they made up for in courage. After the fight in the bush a Zulu prisoner said of them: "A clean column (Natal Carbineers) came to the bush, looked at it, went round it, and left it. A second clean column did likewise. A third column, consisting of small and dirty men (Royston's Horse) came to the bush, looked at it a second time, then, not caring for death, went through it and killed everything before them." I know of no more unnerving experience than to be awakened from a deep sleep in the early hours of the morning by rifle and Maxim shots, and the battle-cry, "Usulu!" of the enemy ringing in your ears.

When a halt is called on the march, all the ox-wagons, of which there are generally between one and two hundred with a large column, are drawn up end to end, forming a laager of about a quarter of a mile square, so closely interlocked as to make it impossible for a man to squeeze in between them. A small gap is left at each of the four corners, and when all the men and horses are within the laager, guns are wheeled up into the vacant places. The oxen are tethered to the outside of the wagons, as, of course, there would be no room for them in the laager, and, being outside, they also answer the purpose of hindering the enemy in their attack. Maxims are mounted on every third or fourth wagon, and gun-crews sleep at their sides, as also they do by the big guns at the four corners. Before retiring for the night, all the guns are loaded with shrapnel, and every trooper sees that his magazine is properly charged. The troops sleep round the edge of the interior of the laager, with their horses picquetted as near the centre as possible, so as to be out of the way. In the centre of the laager are the hospital tents, the General's headquarters, and the search-light.

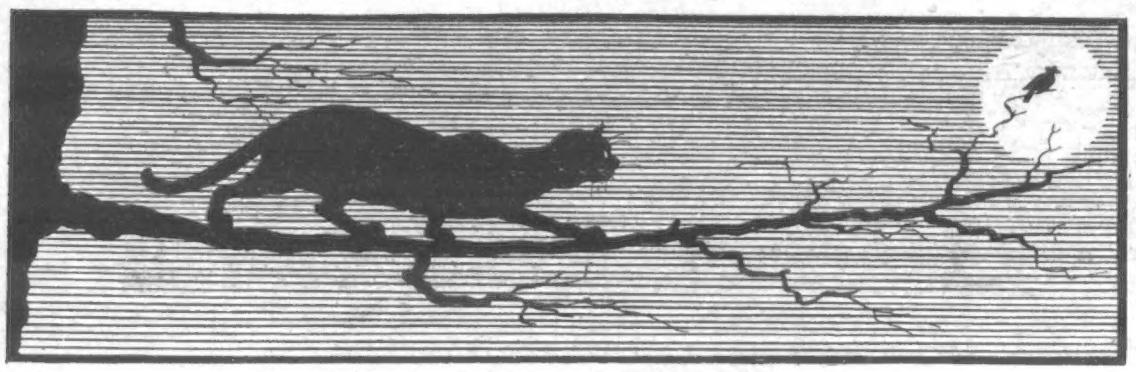
Last year it was found that the search-light answered the purpose of so frightening the enemy, that the only occasion on which they

[Continued on page 387.



[Photo. Nicholls.
A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH: A ZULU IMPI.

THE BUSH COUNTRY OVER WHICH OUR SOLDIERS HAVE TO FIGHT.



HUMOUR OF THE WEEK.

One Trick Too Many.

Mr.' Littleton, who lives in a somewhat lonely suburb, acquired a dog as a protection against unwelcome intruders. Some time after, the dog died in very suspicious circumstances.

To an intimate friend Mr. Littleton explained the matter.

"You see," he said, "I bought the dog and trained him myself. I got him so that he'd bark whenever a person stepped inside the gate, and I thought I was safe from burglars. Then my wife wanted me to train him to carry bundles, and I did. If I put a parcel in his mouth the dog would keep it there till someone took it away.

"One night I woke up and heard someone in the next room. Jumping out of bed quietly, I seized a poker, and peeped through the open door. They were there—three burglars and the dog."

"Didn't he bark?" interrupted the friend.

"Of course not; he was too busy."

"Busy! What doing?"

"Carrying a lantern for the burglars."

Pearson's Weekly.

Berry-ied.

A celebrated comedian arranged with his greengrocer, named Berry, to pay him quarterly. The greengrocer, however, sent in his account long before the money was due. The comedian in great wrath called upon the greengrocer, and, labouring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said:—

"I say, here's a pretty mull-Berry; you have sent in your bill-Berry, before it is due-Berry. Your father, the elder-Berry, would not have been such a goose-Berry. You need not look so black-Berry, for I don't care a straw-Berry, and I sha'n't pay you till Christmas, Berry.—*Tit-Bits.*

Largest in the World.

A number of persons were talking about telescopes, and each professed to have looked through the "largest one in the world." One after another told of the powerful effect of the respective telescopes. At last a quiet man said, mildly:—

"I once looked through a telescope. I don't know as it was the largest in the world. I hope it wasn't. But it brought the moon so near that we could see the man in it gesticulating wildly, and crying out, 'Don't shoot! don't shoot!' The old fool thought it was a big cannon that we were pointing at him."

The quiet man subsided, and so did all the rest of them.—*Tit-Bits.*

Arguments Unsound.

A witty as well as a soft answer will sometimes turn away wrath. A candidate, in the midst of a stirring address, was struck by a rotten egg full in the face. Pausing to wipe away the contents of the missile, he calmly continued:—

"I have always contended that my opponent's arguments were very unsound!"

The crowd roared, and he was no longer molested.—*Tit-Bits.*

The Whole Truth.

In the ordinary way bluff old John Hopkins is as honest as the sunlight, but it is difficult for a man to rigidly adhere to a righteous upbringing and deal in horses at one and the same time.

At a horse fair recently a fine old crusted farmer approached him.

"Will that owd nag pull, sir?" he queried.

"My friend," said John quietly and sincerely, "I assure you that it would do you good to see that horse pull."

John was as well trusted as known, and the horse changed hands at his price.

As ill-luck would have it, he met the purchaser a week later, and the latter pounced upon him.

"What d'ye mean," he roared, in a voice of thunder—"what d'ye mean by telling me that horse would pull? Why, that spavined brute won't pull an empty dray!"

"My friend," said old John, "if you will reflect a moment you will remember that I said it would do you good to see that horse draw. And so it will, my friend, so it will."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Too Previous.

A young man about twenty-five years old was sitting in one of the third-class waiting rooms of a London railway terminus, with a baby on his knee, and his helplessness in pacifying the howling child attracted the attention of passers-by. Presently an elderly man walked up with a smile of pity, and queried:

"A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her luggage, didn't she?"

"Yes"

"And you expect her back, I suppose?"

"I think she'll come back."

"Well, this makes me laugh. A woman played the same trick on me once, but no one ever will again. Young man, you've been had; you've been taken for a country greenhorn, and been sold! Better give the baby over to a policeman, and make a move before some reporter gets at you."

"Oh, she'll come back," replied the young man, as he looked anxiously round.

"She will, eh? Joke grows richer and richer. What makes you think she'll come?"

"Because she's my wife, and this is our first baby."

"Oh—h'm, I see," muttered the old man, whose hilarity suddenly evaporated, and when he also discovered that he'd lost his train he kicked a dog that had been left unguarded on the platform.

A Way they have in Society.

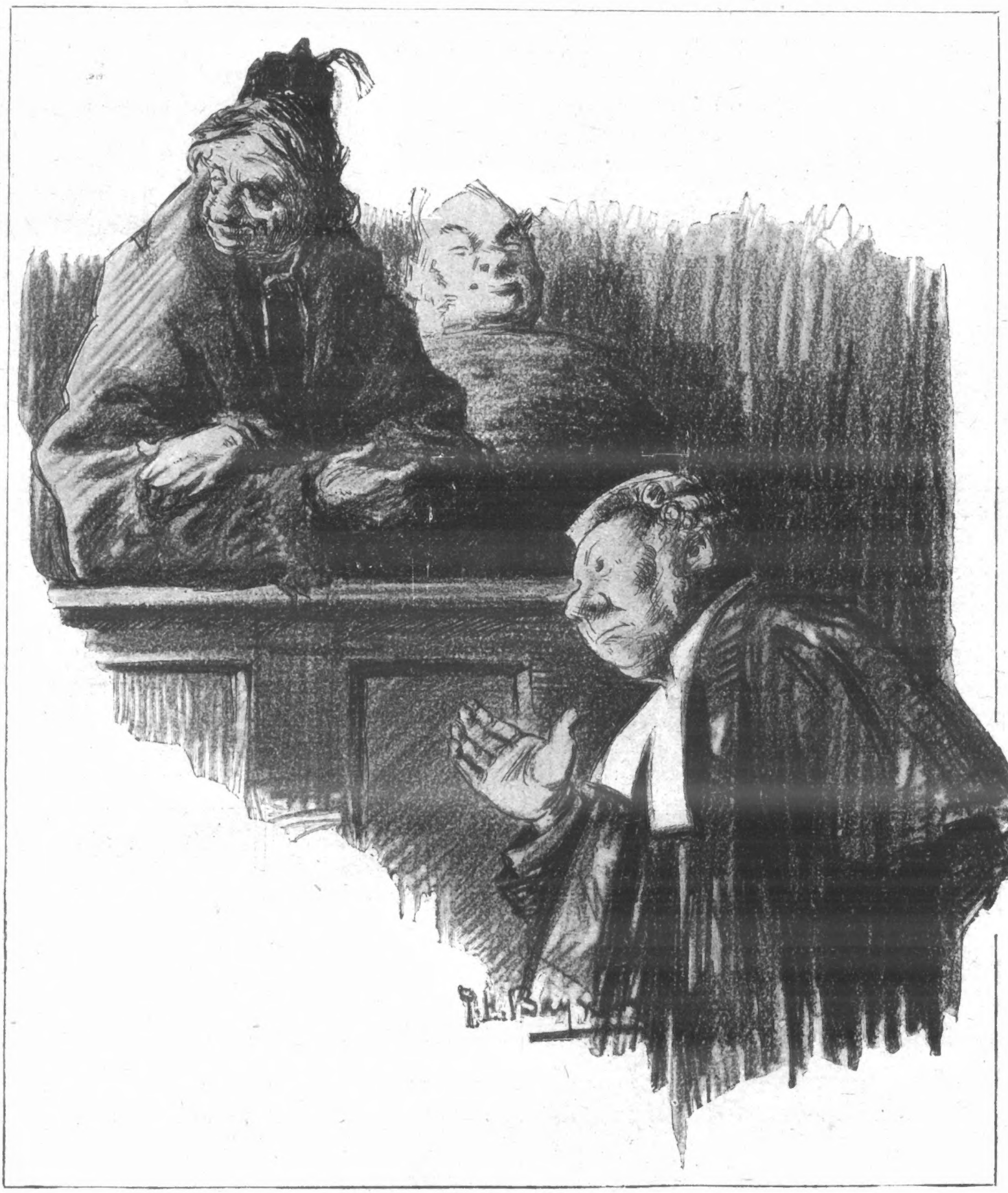
I really take it very kind—
This visit, Mrs. Skinner—
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

Your daughters, too—what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here, and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it, p'r'aps, the measles!

Your charming boys, I see, are home
From Reverend Mr. Russel's—
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)
What! little Clara left at home?
Well, now, I call that shabby!
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby babby!)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well—
But though he lives so handy
He never once drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)
Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You've come, of course, to spend the day—
(Thank Heaven! I hear the carriage!)

What! must you go? Next time, I hope,
You'll give me longer measure—
Nay, I shall see you down the stairs—
(With much uncommon pleasure!)
Good-bye—good-bye! Remember, all,
Next time you'll take your dinners—
(Now, David, mind, I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners.)—*Tit-Bits.*



THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.

THE COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE: "I uphold that a tomato, however well aimed, could not have caused such a black eye."
THE PLAINTIFF: "But it were in a tin, yer Honour."

THE SKELETON CUPBOARD

THE ADVENTURES OF BRANDON BARR, SOLICITOR.

By Henry T. Johnson, Author of "Miss Desperado," "With This Ring," etc.

No. VI.—DICK SANFORD'S RELEASE.

THE Club's spacious billiard-saloon was packed to its capacity, for the final heat of the handicap was in progress, and so high was the reputation throughout the amateur billiard world of the two players left in that there were present, in addition to the club members, scores of notable devotees of the cue, amateur and professional.

Sir Gilbert Crichton, one of the contestants, was distinctly favourite, and not unnaturally, he having won the amateur billiard championship on more than one occasion, while Brandon Barr, albeit a cueist of the highest class, was frequently compelled by other calls upon his energies to drop for considerable lapses of time that incessant practice so essential to the perfection of form on the green table.

Such, however, was the faith of many in that strange, complex personality that when he came to the table, having slipped off his dress-coat, reticent, self-possessed, his hard, ascetic face set in that concentration which is his strongest characteristic, his brows knit over the eyes glowing like black coals, the long white fingers resting on the cushion, not a few, more by instinct than judgment, whispered their readiness to take the shade of odds.

They were both on the scratch mark in the handicap, each owing twenty-five; they strung for break and Barr, obtaining choice, let Sir Gilbert take it, which he did with the ordinary miss, leaving the "plain" tucked in the middle of the bottom cushion. Barr retaliated with a safety miss, at least with what was intended to be, and would have been one in the case of ninety players in a hundred, but Sir Gilbert, getting on an enormous amount of side, sent his own ball sailing off the object ball from cushion to cushion, till finally it glided slowly towards, and, with the last grain of its impetus, touched the red with a click faint as a fairy's whisper, amid a ripple of applause. The next cannon was comparatively easy, serving the additional purpose of bringing the balls into position, and then followed a sequence of losing hazards, first off the red, then off the white, until a respectable total of ninety-three had been compiled, when the striker, having inadvertently potted his adversary's ball, left a prudent double baulk, wide apart. Barr's backers looked a trifle glum. Their man, however, stood imperturbable as ever, his cue resting in one hand across the table, while with the other he drummed the cushion, much in the manner of his old friend and opponent, John Roberts. Then placing his ball on the left spot of the D, he struck the right hand cushion at a carefully aimed-for point, whence it shot sharply off on to the top, came in a white streak down the table, struck the left cushion below the baulk line, clicked against the red, thence to the bottom cush, whence it spun, true as a die, and clicked against the white. A murmur of applause escaped even that well-restrained body of men, the bulk of them celebrities in some department of the world of sport or work. But they hushed to watch Barr at a frightfully obtuse angle score a long jenny in the top pocket. Both balls were now out of baulk, and he went on with a series of losing hazards, timing the object ball with each shot so precisely that even the spectators began to share with his opponent the monotony of watching and listening to the marker's inexorable computation of the rising score.

And perhaps Barr himself shared that monotony, for, by and by, with his score at 130, he abandoned the losing hazards for a cannon which left both balls close together well up the table, off this making another which brought them even closer together in the top left angle, and then carefully, coolly, and exquisitely cleverly, he carried out a long sequence of nursery cannons, each made with a touch as of a gossamer wing, save when now and then, the three balls within an area of a few inches, he would send the spot white off one on a journey of innumerable angles, ending only as it clicked against the other, leaving the three closer than ever and infinitely easier.

Then everybody realised that Barr was on the tip-top of his form. One masterly shot succeeded another, the breaks grew larger, and, finally, amid a burst of applause in which his opponent joined, Barr ran out a winner in an unfinished break by a tremendous margin.

One man present, strangely enough, albeit the most excited there, had taken not the least interest whatever in that memorable game, except he had longed with feverish impatience for its conclusion: and when this had happened, hovering round the group applauding and congratulating the winner, he pounced upon the first opportunity, and whispered—

He threw himself on the Colonel, seized him by the throat, and the two men were locked in a fierce grip. The car went whirling on.

"Barr, I must speak to you—instanter. It's a matter of overwhelming importance."

The suspicion of a smile, half-plaintive, half-amused, flitted across the cameo-cut features.

"It'll wait till Charles brings my whiskey-and-soda, old chap?" he asked, nipping and lighting a cigar.

"I suppose it must," said the other, in a somewhat bitter tone. "If a whiskey-and-soda is of more importance than a man's liberty, perhaps life—Oh no, no, Barr, I didn't mean that. I—I know you've just been through a physical strain; but, my dear old chap, I've been through—no, I'm going through—I'm in the throes of one a thousand times greater. I—I apologise."

"I accept your apology, Colonel Garthside," said Barr coldly, "though I can't admit that any strain excuses impertinence."

The peppery old Colonel, notoriously one of the fiercest martinets in the service, bit his grizzled moustache, the veins stood out on his shining forehead.

"By Jove, Sir!" at last he whispered hoarsely; "I'll leave you to estimate the urgency of the case when, even after that, I implore you to grant me at once a few minutes' conversation alone."

"Come along, then," said Barr; and he led the way to an empty card-room, having carefully closed the door.

Seating himself at a table, the Colonel, lowering his voice, said—

"Of course, Barr, you remember poor Dicky Sanford?"

"Let me see," said Barr, tapping his forehead with the paper-knife. "He married one of Lord Glenavon's girls."

"Yes," the Colonel sighed profoundly.

"She had rather a bad time of it with him?"

The Colonel shook his head sorrowfully. "Nothing to the time he had with her."

"I remember now," said Barr. "The poor chap went off his head, and had to be put away."

"He *was* put away," said the Colonel; "but—and now we're coming to the point—Dicky Sanford's no more off his head than I am or you are. Ah! you can smile. I'm going to reveal to you one of the most diabolical plots ever contrived to rob a sane man of his liberty."

"Tut, tut," said Barr. "If I remember rightly, poor Sanford was placed with Hartley Bradmore, who, as you know, is not only the greatest mental specialist of the day, but one of the highest-minded and most honourable of men."

"Ah, yes; I know, I know—the same old story. I've been hearing it till I'm sick of it. And now I tell you this, Mr. Barr: Hartley Bradmore's place, ostensibly a private asylum for the well-to-do mentally afflicted, is, in reality, a brigand's lair, to which unhappy men and women are lured or forced by unnatural wretches who, from greed, revenge, or other motives, pay Hartley Bradmore's price to get them there, to keep them there."

"Colonel Garthside," said Brandon Barr, very quietly but springing to his feet with anger as intense as perfectly suppressed, "what you utter is a foul—yes, and I may tell you, a dangerous—slander."

"Brandon Barr," said the Colonel, in his own turn suppressing intense excitement, "no man has ever hurled such words as these. Men have said less to me and have bitterly repented. But, listen. Dick Sanford is my friend. For the sake of friendship I will ignore your words, and I will still ask you to help me to undo a wrong, simply because I know you are abler to help me than any man alive to do so."

"Colonel," said Barr, "understand me plainly. I know you as well as I know Bradmore, and I know that you would not say what you did not believe; but I insist that you are misinformed. But, come, come, we will not bandy words. Your authority for these grave statements?"

"My authority is my old friend Sanford."

"Really, Colonel Garthside! You assail the name and reputation of an eminent man upon the word of one found by inquisition *non compos mentis*."

"I know it sounds preposterous," said the Colonel; "but you, like all the rest, have been deceived by a conspiracy as clever as it is diabolical."

"Tut, tut, Colonel! The bogus madhouse and the bogus mad-doctor exist only in the imaginations of lurid writers of cheap fiction. The thing isn't done—can't be done. The Sylvester Sound days are all over; the system is too complete. The public guardians of the afflicted—the Commissioners in Lunacy, the Masters and the Visitors in Lunacy, and the Asylums Boards, are too well organised."

The Colonel sighed helplessly; then placed a letter on the table.

"Read this," he said; "and these," he added at intervals, as Barr perused them.

They were all from the same man, Richard Sanford, and all formed part of a story of alleged conspiracy by his wife and others to deprive him of his liberty, his fortune, and, he declared, ultimately, of life itself. They were written lucidly, and with a clearness of detail and an absence of extravagance which certainly conveyed no impression of mental infirmity.

The writer's contention was that his wife, Lady Evelyn Sanford, had, shortly after marriage, contracted an intense dislike towards him, owing mainly to his protests against her extravagance and her craving for social frivolities and follies. The charges included one against Dr. Hartley Bradmore of endeavouring to goad him, by a series of cruelties physical and mental, to suicide. There was also an intimation that Lady Sanford's impatience for his decease was shared by a well-known political leader, who had been in earlier days an unsuccessful rival for her hand.

"Come," said Colonel Garthside triumphantly, as Barr concluded his perusal of the letters, "what is your opinion now? What do you say to these letters?"

"I say," Brandon Barr dispassionately replied, "that in the course of my professional career I have had some experience in lunacy cases—all painful, some exceedingly peculiar; and I tell you that there is nothing in the least novel in the case of men and women absolutely insane expressing themselves, *viva-voce* and in writing, as apparently reasonably, lucidly, and sanely as the sanest person outside asylum walls. And nothing in this poor man's letters shakes in the least degree my faith in the unhappy and much-to-be-pitied Lady Evelyn Sanford, or in Hartley Bradmore or Sir Philip."

"Is this final?" said the Colonel.

"I am in the habit neither of retracting nor repeating my decisions," said Brandon Barr. "And now, if you please, Colonel Garthside, I will remind you that I am in my club, not my offices. That is all I have to say."

"But I have something more to say," said the Colonel shaking with agitation, "and it is this. Think what you may, say what you may, do what you may, I believe my friend, I will rescue my friend! Yes, I tell you no friend of mine shall lie in a living hell, worse than any prison in any land, to be goaded into at last a real madness, and to taking with his own hand the life that is a barrier to the designs and the ends of his enemies."

The Colonel drove off in a dudgeon and a taximeter to the Albany, and once again set to work considering the sheaf of letters from his unhappy friend.

Certainly, they were calculated to move any heart that was not of stone. Several of the most poignant passages the Colonel had underscored in blue pencil, and, re-reading these once again, he marvelled that the influential men, official and otherwise to whom he had shown them, had not shared his exasperation and consented to aid.

his endeavours to place Richard Sanford at liberty. They ran as follows—

That brute Bradmore has to-day submitted to me a document purporting to be my last will and testament, ante-dated prior to my being found lunatic; has promised me a daily drive in open carriage if I will sign it. I refused; consequently the damp cell again. They mean me to get pneumonia.

Forced to occupy ward with two raving maniacs. My own brain begins to reel. Have bribed attendant to post this letter.

Solitary confinement during last four days. Knives, broken glass, string, and other possible means to suicide disposed conveniently to hand.

Over one particular passage of the extracts the Colonel pondered long and intently—

I am allowed one strange privilege. Every evening before dinner I am permitted to promenade one corner of the grounds. There is a deep fishpond adjacent, and I verily believe my persecutor's idea is to goad me to that desperate plunge. *There is also* a 12-feet high wall, over which a rope could easily be thrown from the road outside the Retreat grounds, at the point indicated by the cypress tree a few yards from the bend in the wall. Once outside the walls of this Golgotha, but never until then, I, with your noble aid, could unmask as vile a plot as evil hearts and minds ever concocted.

"By Jove!" muttered the Colonel, "the callousness of the people I 've consulted in this matter surpasses comprehension, and Brandon Barr out-Herods them all. Upon my word, I believe that man has gained a reputation for genius simply by virtue of a cross-grained callous, supercilious cussedness."

Again he scanned the piteous appeals. He was a man of strong feeling, of deep likes and dislikes, a man of bull-dog courage and tenacity. He was a man of action. "I'll chance it!" he said, banging his fist on the table.

. . .

A motor-car, containing only its driver, hummed in the dusk leisurely down a wooded dip forming one of the loveliest spots in pleasant Surrey county, then reaching the bend of a lane all feathery with early spring, began to halt, and Colonel Garthside, divesting himself of his goggles and heavy driving-coat and gloves, descended, bearing over his arm a light rope contraption, and made his way on foot along the winding road, and so on along the road into which it opened, till he came alongside a high wall of bricks deep red and bulging here and there with age, and here and there bright green with moss, dark with ivy, or grey with stonecrop. As he strode under its lee, listening to the soughing of the giant cedars, firs and larches overhanging, the veteran soldier muttered, "Gad! this place is melancholy enough outside—let alone in. Ah! here 's the fire plug mark, and yonder 's the bend, now for the cypress! Yes! there it is! Poor Dick's accurate enough in his landmarks; his worst enemies would have to allow that."

He looked at his watch. It was close on seven, and the dusk was falling. Arriving level with the cypress-tree, he halted and glanced up and down the road. No one was in sight. He gave a whistle. It was answered from within the ivied wall. He was about to fling and secure the ingenious rope-ladder device, when, to his annoyance, a figure shuffled round the bend of the road. Only a dishevelled rat-catcher, wearing a sack for head-covering and carrying in one hand a wire cage full of rodents, a sharp terrier at his heels; and the Colonel, smothering a growl of annoyance, deferred operations until the lurcher had disappeared round the bend of the winding wall; then, approaching the wall, he repeated the whistle signal, which again was answered.

Without further hesitation, the Colonel flung the line across the wall, and to his delight perceived that it had been grasped and was being hauled in and over. Better still, it was being secured. By this time the dusk had deepened into dark; time was becoming precious. At any minute his almost rescued friend might be discovered and his escape frustrated. But at last, to his infinite relief, the Colonel discerned through the gathering darkness a white face above the wall. The rope ladder was dragged up and let fall down the other side. With a huge sigh of thankfulness, the Colonel took in his arms and helped to terra-firma his old friend Dick Sanford. Yes, the same old Dick, but so terribly changed that the Colonel shuddered, beholding the deep-set eyes, the hollow, hectic cheeks, the unkempt beard intensifying the weirdness of his appearance.

"My poor, poor old friend," almost groaned the Colonel; "how terribly you have suffered. But never mind; all England shall ring with your wrongs."

"Yes, yes," the other whispered, huskily, clutching his arm, "my wrongs, my wrongs, all in it, from the highest downwards."

"Yes, yes, but come along," said the Colonel. "The first thing is to get you clear away; that done, rest assured nothing shall be spared to bring your enemies to justice."

"Where, where are you taking me? To the torture-chamber?"

"Good lord, no!" exclaimed the Colonel; "poor soul, you are distraught with your sufferings. We are going to my motor-car."

"Your what! Your motor-car!" exclaimed Sandford; "that 'll be simply magnificent."

And the Colonel noted the almost childish eagerness with which the rescued man leaped into the car, and as he set it going, asked question after question as to this and that portion of the mechanism. "Poor soul!" he muttered, "what he has endured has almost softened his brain." He wrenched the starting handle till the car began to throb, and, springing up, seized the wheel, and the car shot forward like a thing of life. Trees, hedges, posts, hurdles, telegraph-poles flashed by the hedges, taking long, streaky forms.

"Hope there are no police-traps about," chuckled the Colonel; "we 're moving."

"No, we 're not," growled Sanford, "we 're slacking." The Colonel put her on her second speed, growling, "You impatient fellow. There, will that suit you?"

"No, no!" the other cried excitedly. "Faster, faster—a hundred times faster! A thousand times faster!"

A horrible suspicion flashed through the Colonel's brain. He tried to stifle it.

"Look, look!" said his companion. "There 's a woman down the road ahead of us, pushing a perambulator along the road. Run her down! Run her down!"

The horrible suspicion, instead of submitting to being stifled, took form and shape and strength, loomed grim and terrible. And when poor Sanford, frantic to multiply their speed a hundredfold, to drive the car along side paths, over dogs, sheep, and foot passengers, to charge iron gates and brick walls, began to grab at and struggle to obtain control of levers, brakes, steering-wheel, the Colonel, first remonstrating and then struggling with him, exclaimed: "Sanford! for heaven's sake, man, desist, or I shall believe that I've been misled—that the others were right and that I was wrong; that your supposed lucidity was only the craft of a maniac."

"Yes, yes!" the other screamed, leaping up in the car, "the craft—the craft—oh! the glorious cunning that took in that conceited ass old Billy Garthside, that lured old Billy down here and delivered him into my hands—my hands, for me to carry out the fiat—the fiat of Thor and Jupiter, and—and—and—oh, yes, not forgetting Nemesis. Now—now, you hound, give me my money—give me back my wife!" He threw himself on the Colonel, seized him by the throat, and the two men were locked in grips. The car meantime whirled along, only escaping annihilation by a providence.

With a desperate effort, however, the Colonel jammed down the brakes with his foot, and, with the other man's hand on his throat, grasping lever and wheel, managed to bring her up just as she collided with the pillars of a lodge entrance, hurling the two men into the roadway. But Sanford was still clinging to the Colonel with every limb, his hands locked on his throat. Between deep pants he was gasping—"Knife! A knife! Villain! double-dyed, remorseless villain, your hour has come!"

And the Colonel watched something glitter, in a white light of the overturned carbides; and then everything began to swim, there was a blur in the eyes, a buzzing in the ears, he had a vague sensation of excited shouts, of heavy bodies falling upon him, then for a while all was blank.

. . . .

When he came to he found himself safe, but badly bruised and confused, in the accident ward of the local cottage hospital, his own doctor and the house surgeon seated at his bedside in conversation with a third person.

"Hallo! Sir Benjamin," he muttered "I've a vague notion how I came here; but how on earth did you get here?"

"I'll tell you," said the other. "I came along with Brandon Barr here, just in time to prevent the dangerous homicidal lunatic you had most rashly—yes, I may as well say it—wickedly, enabled to escape murdering you for your pains."

The Colonel lay back on his pillow, for a while quite silent, then he said, "Yes, yes, I can see now; I was deceived by the apparent calm and lucidity of the poor wretch's letters. But what a coincidence, you and Mr. Barr's arriving just in the nick of time."

"It wasn't a coincidence at all," said Sir Benjamin, "Barr had a notion what was germinating in your mind. When he saw you setting out driving westward along Piccadilly alone in your motor yesterday afternoon, with a coiled-up contraption in a corner of the car, his suspicions were confirmed, and he sped off in a taxi to Harley Street, knowing me as your oldest friend; and on his advice I shot off with him down to Hartley Bradmore's place just in time to discover that they had just discovered the escape of their most dangerous patient. Then, still following our shrewd friend's idea, we searched for and followed wheel-tracks. Finally overhauled you—and we had to considerably exceed speed limits to do it—just as your car was performing a sort of wild Indian dance, and your lunatic friend, with his hands on your throat, was in the throes of the homicidal frenzy that at various times has nearly cost some half dozen people, including his unhappy wife, their lives."

"Poor soul!" said the Colonel, "much as I pity him, I pity her the more. And, Mr. Brandon Barr, permit me to apologise for a folly which would have proved fatal to me, but for your friendly care, which I fear I've hardly deserved."

"Not a word," said Barr, "but I have to add one other item to Sanford's unhappy story. I have just come to bring Sir Benjamin the news. Poor Sanford, who was, I may tell you, my friend as well as yours, succumbed half an hour ago to the strain of that awful paroxysm."

"Poor soul!" said the Colonel. And the great Sir Benjamin said gently, "I also was his friend, and we, being all his friends, must rather rejoice than grieve that his only possible release has come at last."

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Drawn by Norman Wilkinson from Sketches supplied by an Eye-Witness, whose Description is Given Above.

The Childrens Corner

THE LITTLE FLOWER-GIRL.

By NELLIE POLLOCK.

SHE stood—a shivering, pathetic little figure in her threadbare gown — gazing with breathless wonderment at the brilliantly lighted house opposite. Her thin, pale cheeks were pinched and blue with the cold, and as she craned her neck eagerly forward she drew her old woollen shawl closer about her frail little figure and pressed her basket of violets almost tenderly to her side, breathing with suppressed excitement. What a wonderful, dazzling picture it was that she so eagerly devoured with her large, hungry eyes—a picture of gaily dressed little girls and boys tripping up the steps of the large red-brick house, with dancing eyes full of gladness and rosy, laughing faces upon which the merry dimples played roguishly. What a stream of beautifully dressed little people it was—just like one long, brightly coloured ribbon that grew longer and longer every minute. Tiny golden heads peeped out of pale, soft hoods, and eager, dancing feet twinkled in and out the traffic as they safely bore their delighted little owners to the Christmas party at the tall, festive-looking house with the huge clumps of evergreens. From every window a radiant ray of light flashed forth till they danced and sparkled like a thousand stars; while ringing peals of childish laughter floated through the evening air — floated, too, past the slender, ill-clad figure of the shivering little soul on the opposite pavement. A still more wonderful sound rang out through the long open window — the sound of dancing footsteps pattering to the time of wondrous music.

It was a party—a Christmas party—and she had never seen anything like it before; neither could she quite convince herself that it was not a wonderful dream! As the rippling sounds of delight and echoes of joy and pleasure floated through the still evening air, a strange little thrill shot through her heart. How wonderful it was—probably something like fairyland; and just as the last carriage rolled away down the dry, frosty road, a bright, dazzling spot of colour leapt into her cheeks, and for the first time in her young life a smile of exquisite rapture danced in her eyes. She would go across — right over to that wonderful palace of joy and laughter; she would crouch close into the railings—and maybe *see them dancing!*

She slipped across the road, unconscious of everything save the swinging tune of the dance, the wondrous delight of that musical laughter, and the flash of the thousand lights. Creeping close to the palings, she crouched down 'neath their shelter and peered up with enchanted eyes at the broad, low window, upon which were reflected the moving shadows of the dancing figures within. Just then, a little girl—perhaps it was a fairy—drew near and looked up at the twinkling stars, quite unconscious of the enraptured gaze of a pair of great, sad eyes—eyes that drank in every detail of her dainty silken-clad figure. Oh, what a beautiful, fair little face it was that half nestled in the folds of the white lace curtains, with its frame of pale, glistening curls and the silvery necklet that clung about the round, satiny neck! She was more wonderfully beautiful, was this small, thoughtful maiden—more wonderfully beautiful in the eyes of the pathetic little figure below—than the most enchanting of fairy-tale Princesses. The windows were long, so that she could see two slender blue silk legs appearing out of the ruffles of lace and silk—then there was a little flutter of the lace curtains, and the pale-blue silk fairy vanished.

With a little gasp of rapture and enchantment, the crouching figure by the palings sprang up, and, softly pushing the iron gate, crept in swiftly and noiselessly—right beneath the window. A childish light of glad wonderment was in her eyes, and her pale thin cheeks were flushed as red as the rose. For the first time in her life she had a peep into the world of joy and light and laughter—a peep into the world of music and song—into Fairyland; and she could not draw her eyes from the alluring picture, but, creeping up the white stone steps, she nestled into the shade of the door, and looked—looked RIGHT INTO THE FAIRY PALACE!

She crept right up to the door, and looked—looked right into the Fairy Palace.

Oh! it was—it was even more wonderful than the echoes of the music and dancing and laughter. Garlands of mistletoe and holly were interlaced about the walls and hung from the pictures, and from the centre of the ceiling was suspended a great, wonderful cluster of light—as of a hundred brilliant stars twinkling together, keeping time in their brilliancy and light. Then there were even more wonderful little figures within than the pale blue fairy who had left her play to glance up at the starlit sky. She could see little girls in white, with gaily coloured caps on their heads, laughing and frolicking together, and sitting about eating soft, pretty-looking sweetmeats; others dancing to the time of the music, taking evident delight in the graceful little skips and trips in which their slippered feet indulged.

Soon—very soon it seemed to the eager, wide-open eyes of the little watcher in the doorway—the pretty, dainty feet wearied of dancing; then there seemed a general hubbub—surely! oh, surely! could it be that they were going home. At the thought, a little lump of something seemed to jump into her throat and choke her. She had suddenly awoke from her enchanted dream. They were putting the lights out—the door opened, and a cluster of muffled little figures passed down the steps; but not before the little figure in the woollen shawl had crept swiftly out of the gate. Oh! she gave a little gasp — where was her basket; her basket of violets—the unsold violets which she had carried all day and offered in vain to the passers-by. A low sob escaped her lips at the thought of her loss—when there was the sound of someone speaking at her elbow.

"Hulloa, what 's the matter?"

She sobbed out her pathetic little

(*Continued on next page.*)

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Christmas Presents.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

SOME of the smartest skirts are being made with front panels, while others with a centre seam present a very elegant appearance. Costumes of striped material have the stripes most cleverly arranged, every separate part of the gown being cut and planned on this principle. In a well-tailored costume, the effect is most successful. Gowns of striped silk are also made up in the same way with well-gored skirts. Many of the leading Paris models in light fabrics show an over-dress or coat of lace or chiffon velvet. A very striking example was in old-gold chiffon, elaborately tucked and surmounted by a species of Cavalier coat of cornflower-blue velvet, parts of the coat being a mere trellis-work of the velvet, and the major portion of the rest of it handsomely trimmed with raised embroidery.

Leading Styles.

Many people nowadays have to complain of defective eyesight. The old-fashioned spectacles have, to a large extent, been replaced by the modern pince-nez. Still, there are many people, as well as children, who cling to spectacles. When a pair of spectacles is in constant use, the weight is often apt to leave a mark upon the bridge of the nose. This mark is often a very deep one, and although it generally fades away when the spectacles are laid aside for a few hours; still, there is always a danger of its becoming permanent. A length of black worsted or silk mending wound round and round the bridge of the glasses will be found to act as a kind of pad, and will greatly relieve the pressure, besides obviating any mark on the nose. When the frame of the spectacles passes behind and round the ears, occasionally earache results from contact with the metal. In such case, a similar remedy may be adopted, and a little worsted wound round that part of the frame.

To Prevent Spectacles Marking the Nose.

COUNT LASZLO SZECHNYI.

The clothes for very young children should always, if possible, be hand-made. The plainest hand-made garments will look more suitable for a baby's wear than the most elaborately trimmed machine-made articles. Very simple frocks, with a small lace-edged flounce, or a few rows of tucks, and lace insertion always look dainty. The materials are cheap enough if time for the work is available. Nainsook or mercerised lawn makes up very prettily, and Valenciennes lace can be purchased by the dozen yards, and makes one of the best kinds of trimming possible. A very smart top petticoat for the one-year-old can be made out of nainsook, frilled to within a few inches of the waist, with narrow flounces cut on the cross and edged with narrow lace. A petticoat of this description, bought ready made, would cost seven or eight shillings if hand-worked. Made up at home, the cost would not exceed two shillings. The young mother who has not had much practice in needlework is advised to leave the white garments until the last, and, if she has any choice in the making, she will find the flannel ones by far the easiest to undertake. Flannel is a very soft, pleasant material to work upon. Moreover, the stitches sink into it, as it were, and are half-hidden; therefore, fine and accurate stitching is less necessary than in white work. A herring-bone stitch will do nearly all that is required in dealing with flannel; in fact, it is the stitch of all others to be employed.

Hand-Made Clothes for Children.

Flannel should not be hemmed or sewn. For the more ornate working of flannel, feather-stitching and button-hole stitch help to make a pretty garment. Of course, both of these require some skill on the part of the worker. Where a little petticoat is in question, a line of leather-stitching along each tuck and round the arm-holes and neck makes a wonderful finish. Tucks upon children's garments are never thrown away, as, besides being ornamental, they are extremely useful, especially the hand-run ones, which can so easily be let down at a moment's notice. Even when the rest of the tucks are run by machine, it is well worth while to have the top one hand-run, as the work will be less apparent when it comes to be let down, and a great deal of time and trouble may be saved, and possibly the little garment saved from utter ruin. These facts will be appreciated by anyone who has ever tried to cope with a tuck run in lock-stitch; those run in chain-stitch are less difficult to unpick.

How to Work Flannel.

The coloured embroideries and fine needlework now so much in the fashion can be made to look like new if, when washed, they are laid, while still damp, on a thick sheet of linen, and ironed carefully on the wrong side. This will not only dry the work, but also give it back its original stiffness.

To Clean Coloured Embroidery.

If, when whipping the whites of eggs, a pinch of salt is added to them, and they are whisked in a breeze before an open window or door, they will be found to froth much more quickly than otherwise. The same hint applies to cream.

Egg-Whipping.

An excellent and appetising soup for the cold winter days is pea-soup. The ingredients required are as follows: Two pounds of shin of beef, and, if liked, about one pound of pickled pork, which imparts a nice flavour; one pint of split peas, which require to be soaked in cold water all the previous night; two carrots, three or four onions, one turnip, and a small head of celery. Cut the meat up into pieces, place in a large saucepan with three quarts of water. Then clean and wash the peas and other vegetables, cut up and add to the meat, with a little seasoning. The whole should gently boil for about three hours, occasionally stirring it well up from the bottom. This soup may be served either with the meat and vegetables in it, or it may be passed through a sieve, pressing the vegetables down with a wooden spoon.

A Winter Soup.

A BABY MILLIONAIRE.

A Newport telegram states that owing to attempts having been made to kidnap John Nicholas Brown, a baby who is heir to £2,000,000, the mother, who is a sister of Mrs. George Vanderbilt, has taken him to England.

A silver brooch consisting of the word "Baby" makes a useful and pretty present for the youngest of the family. It costs only one shilling. A good safety chain, price 2s. 6d., for securing valuable brooches to the dress embodies a very clever idea and would be a welcome gift to those unlucky people who seem to have a genius for losing their most treasured possessions. A pearl necklet-snap, price one shilling, is also another of those useful trifles none of us can afford to be without.

A Present for Baby.

The other day I heard of an ideal club in the West End for the bachelor girl and working woman. Bedroom, with breakfast and dinner and full board on Sundays, cost 18s. 6d. a week; a bedroom alone, according to size, something below or above half-a-guinea a week. Meals might then be purchased separately—lunch, 8d.; dinner, 10d.; tea, 3d.; and so on. The year's subscription to the club costs only a modest half-guinea, or a quarterly membership may even be obtained for 3s. One of the great charms of this club is a room where the members may pursue their hobbies and exercise little economies, such as blouse-making, renovations, washing and ironing blouses and laces, etc., for which every convenience is provided. For members who have furniture of their own, suites of unfurnished rooms are provided at rentals from £36 per year.

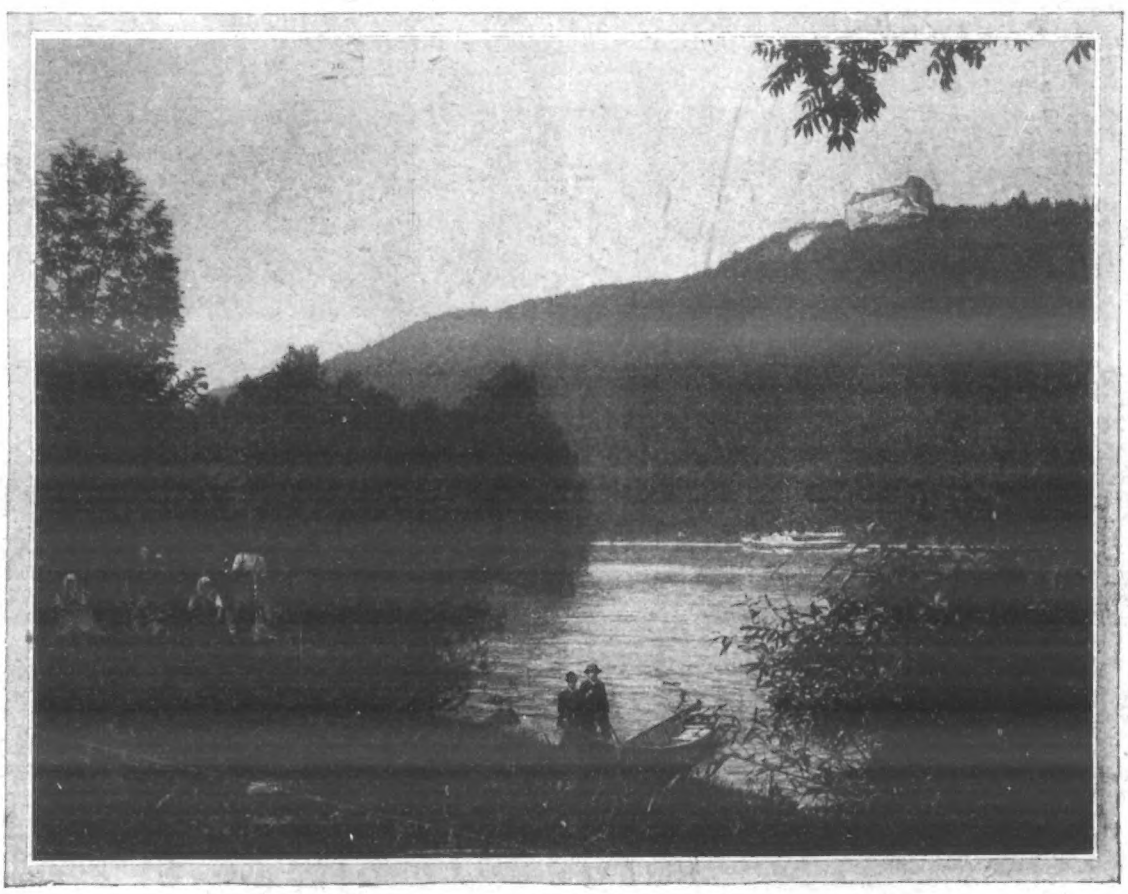
A Desirable Club.

A charming innovation among restaurant and theatre-coats is the shawl-shaped paletot. This becoming garment is without sleeves, and drapes gracefully back and front in dolman style. It is so cleverly cut and so voluminous in folds that the absence of sleeves can scarcely be detected by the eye, and is certainly not felt in the wear. The warmth of a sleeved coat is combined with all the advantages of a sleeveless cloak where light and crushable fabrics are concerned. Another very delightful accessory for evening wear is a broad scarf of cream silk, outlined with gold, and with a bordering of swansdown. This is very elegant, as well as providing a certain amount of warmth. A chiffon scarf, sequined, and bordered with striped silk in a variety of pretty colourings, is also a most dainty addition to an evening frock or a theatre toilette.

For the Christmas Pantomime and Theatres.

- THE - VANDERBILT WEDDING.

THE COUNTESS SZECHNYI (Pa.



MISS VANDERBILT'S FUTURE HOME.

The Castle of Rana Riedl, one of the ancestral homes of Count Laszlo Szechnyi, who, it is rumoured, married Miss Vanderbilt early this month. From the time of the betrothal opposition to the match has been shown by the other members of the Vanderbilt family, and it is therefore impossible to state the exact date of the ceremony.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LITTLE FLOWER-GIRL.

(Continued from Previous Page.)

tale to the tall, smiling gentleman, who was surrounded with a cluster of the little girls she had seen dancing in the wonderful, long, lighted room.

"Don't cry, little woman. There, that 'll make up for it!" And something was pressed into her palm—something—something—she rubbed her eyes, and for a moment everything seemed to swim before her—SOMETHING GOLD! Was this the end of her dream? She looked up, with a smile in her tear-wet eyes—but everyone had gone. She was left standing alone on the pavement, with the stars smiling down at her, the soft evening air breathing glad whispers in her ear, and the bright piece of gold gleaming in her small hand. She had seen a glimpse of fairyland—it was wonderful—wonderful! Maybe it was a dream—but surely that bright dancing twinkling thing that lay on her outstretched palm was no dream—it was a SOVEREIGN!

Then the stars twinkled again, and soft little floating echoes of laughter danced about her in the evening air as she wended her way home with the gladdest heart in the world!

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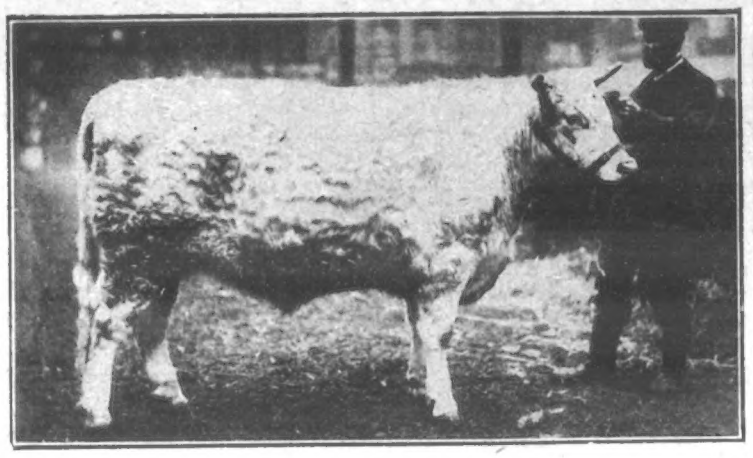
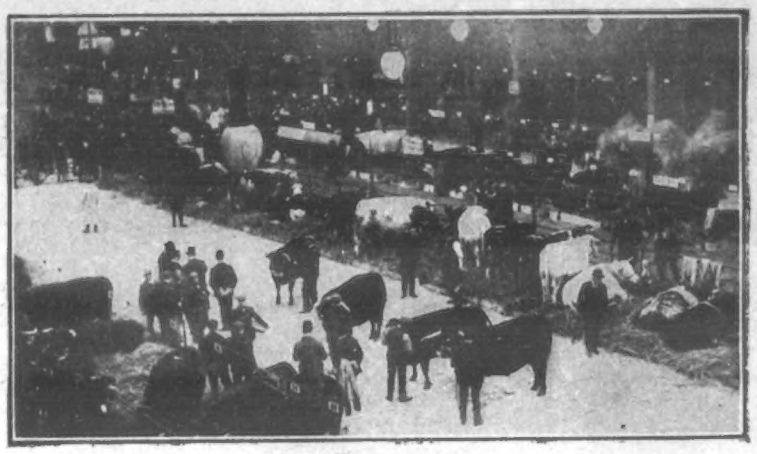


THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.
The King's Shorthorn Steer (1st Prize).

"P.I.P." FARMER AND GARDENER.

THE SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW.



SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.
A general view during the judging.

DEC. 14 to 20.—Work is very slow in the garden just now, and we are passing through what is, perhaps, the most cheerless and flowerless time of the year. Still, the shortest day is very close at hand, and gardening will speedily be in full swing again. My plans for this week consist mostly of the same old round of winter digging and manuring, "wind, weather and circumstances permitting," as they say on the steamship bills. I am also doing some planting, and as the weather continues so open, fruit trees, roses, evergreens, perennial plants, and so on, may still be put in in the garden. Then, except in the wettest of weather, the grass may be rolled, or new paths made; climbers may be nailed up and attended to; garden tubs, arches, and so on, may be looked after.

My Garden Plans.

Though hardly a greenhouse plant, roses will invariably do well in pots in the sunny conservatory, and the blooms so early in the year will amply repay the slight trouble that must be taken. Strong, vigorous trees should be chosen, and they may well be pruned some time in December. For a time the plants may be kept comparatively dry, and then, as the season advances, water, in slightly increasing quantities, may be given, with weak liquid manure in early spring. Green fly and mildew will be the worst enemies, and whilst the former should be attacked with hand-picking, fumigation, and tobacco-water, the latter can be overcome by dusting with flowers of sulphur. All through, the plants must have light and air, and must not be overforced or given heat spasmodically.

Greenhouse Roses.

"Many owners of houses stupidly object to the walls being covered with creepers, under the mistaken idea that the latter do harm to the structure. This idea, however, is a fallacious one. Creepers do no harm whatever to the structure. On the contrary, they help to preserve it by keeping the walls dry, and so arresting decay of the materials by the action of damp. Many affirm that ivy, for instance, roots into the joints and in time loosens the masonry. This notion is altogether a wrong one, as ivy does not send any roots into the joints: it merely attaches itself to the wall by means of sucker-like feet. The real roots, which supply nourishment to the stems and leaves, are down in the earth."—Mr. T. W. Saunders, F.L.S., F.R.H.S., in his excellent penny handbook, "Climbers," published by the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Climbers on Houses.

The idea that when other things have failed one may start poultry-farming and make money at the expense of a dull life in the country is an erroneous idea many townsmen cherish. Poultry-farming *can* be made to yield a very comfortable living, but capital, hard experience, and good situation are imperative. I should never dream of poultry-farming unless I had £35 to £50 capital. Then I should start at the Christmas quarter, with one or two good incubators and the best stock of birds I could lay hands on. Besides chicken, I should go in for all other kinds of poultry, and I should see about installing bees at the earliest opportunity. Then I should have other strings to my bow, such as market and fruit gardening; and I should lay down some of the best sorts of young apple, pear, and plum trees, having made some covenant with my landlord to guard me from being turned out when they had matured. Still, my poultry would be the mainstay, and I should try to get as many regular customers as possible, and to ensure a certain market. Regularity is one of the greatest safeguards; anyone can have eggs and birds when they are cheap—it is when they are in special demand that one must be prepared with good quality wares. It is here that the hard experience will come in—far more valuable than all the book-learning.

Poultry-Farming.

So many gardens have what may be termed an "odd corner." Whatever bulbs and flowering plants one places there, nothing appears to do well. It is a blot on one's garden escutcheon. To the possessors of such odd corners I would say—make it into a fernery. Now is the best time to do the work, and the veriest tyro can tackle it with assurance. First of all I should suggest banking up the corner with some good soil, in which plenty of decayed leaves and rotten manure have been incorporated. Around the top of this mound, when it has had time to slightly settle, evergreens may be planted to form a background—green and golden privet, the slow-growing holly, laurel, etc., are all suitable. Then, down the surface of the mound odd pieces of rustic timber, stray bricks, or more ambitious rockery stones may be introduced, as sparingly or as bountifully as may be deemed advisable. They must certainly not be too much crowded, and should be given as natural an appearance as possible. Into the pockets thus formed hardy hedgerow ferns may be introduced with an occasional wild violet or primrose, and, if you like, patches of lilies-of-the-valley. In a short time a transformation will come over your "odd corner," making it one of the most attractive features of your garden.

That "Odd Corner"!

MY BRIEF REPLIES.

W. KINGSTON.—Grow the crimson rambler over an arch or old summer house; it would do well on a special rose pillar also. This rose, however, is not successful usually on the wall of a dwelling-house.

WALKER, LONDON.—It would hardly be worth your while growing a tree from a walnut. It would certainly not bear for seven or eight years. Go to a nursery, where for a shilling or two you will purchase a well-grown tree.

B. HIGGINS.—Your fowl-run is too damp, I should say. Work sand and ashes into the soil and try to get better drainage. I am afraid your birds will never succeed so long as you keep them in an ill-drained run.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and will do so through the post direct, when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Editorial Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

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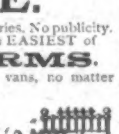

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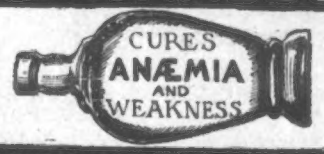

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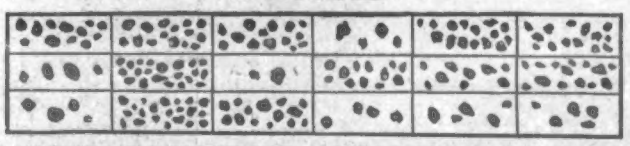

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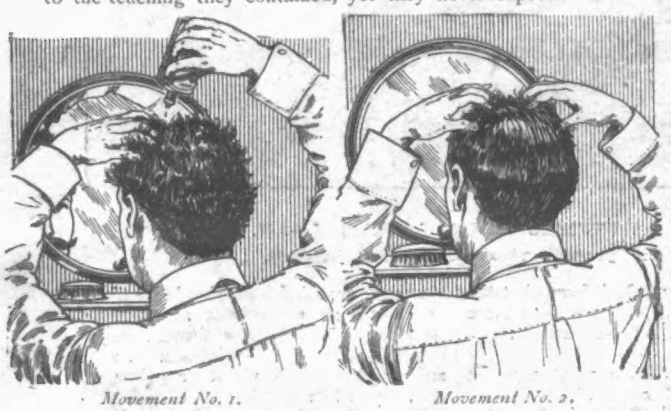
THE PUBLIC DEMAND "HAIR DRILL."

Although when the first of the "Hair Drill" articles appeared those responsible for their insertion anticipated very widespread attention to the teaching they contained, yet they never expected to have



Movement No. 1. *Movement No. 2.*

beeen overwhelmed, as they have been, with such an enormous appreciation of their advice and of the remarkable test offer of the "Hair Drill" treatment that they made.

Yielding to the popular wish expressed from the remotest quarters of the world, this offer is now renewed for the purpose of extending an opportunity to those who previously neglected to avail themselves of the test.

All, therefore, who desire to avail themselves of this unique offer should see to it at once that they fill in and despatch the form of application below.

A MARKED FEATURE.

Concerning the enormous correspondence which has arisen over "Hair Drill," there is one prominent feature which those responsible for the treatment cannot ignore, and they now have pleasure in publishing explanatory details of "Hair Drill" movements.

These particulars they would prefix by a repetition of their statement embracing the active benevolence of "Hair Drill" upon all untoward, diseased, and unhealthy conditions of the hair. Whether your hair is: 1. Dry; 2. Brittle; 3. Lustreless; 4. Losing Colour; 5. Falling; 6. Scurfy; 7. Greasy; 8. Slightly Odorous; 9. Or thin or Patchy, it may be established after seven days' consistent "Hair Drill" that each and every undesirable state is amenable to "Hair Drill" principles. Ladies who mourn the loss of hair tone, may implicitly rely upon "Hair Drill" to restore to the fullest their former hair excellence.

Men who notice with alarm that their greyness is more apparent, that their bald spot is wonderfully enlarged, that the thinning-out process goes on apace, that their hair is greasy to the touch, feels brittle in the hand, that clouds of scurf are dislodged every time the hair is brushed or combed, can rest assured that "Hair Drill" will speedily check these conditions and renew a right order of things. Your former abundant locks, your prior hair healthiness will return if you follow the directions now given for "Hair Drill" methods by the "Harlene" Treatment.

Yes, "Hair Drill" and "Harlene" are inseparable terms. One includes the other, for the perfect drilling of the hair cannot be accomplished without the assistance of this famous preparation. Read now a description of the movements to be observed, and then carefully examine the illustrations.

HAIR DRILL FOR MEN.

In the case of men, the hair must first be brushed upwards until it assumes a perpendicular direction.

The "Harlene" must then be sprinkled on as shown in Sketch No. 1, and the roots of the hair must then be efficiently massaged by dexterous and even rubbing. The whole surface of the scalp must be gone over. See No. 2 Sketch. (Full detailed information will be found in the new "Hair Drill" booklet offered free to all readers.)

From two to five minutes should be taken in the execution of the complete exercise, and the "Hair Drill" should be gone through both at morning and night.

HAIR DRILL FOR WOMEN.

For women, the hair must first be let down and then thrown forward across the head, as shown in No. 1 Sketch. Whilst thus extended it should be well combed and thoroughly brushed, so that no tangled condition prevents the due application of the "Harlene" to the scalp and roots.

Then the "Harlene" must be sprinkled on as shown in Sketch No. 2, and an equally conscientious massaging of the scalp and roots must follow.

And now a word or two about Edwards' "Harlene"—the great auxiliary and component to the "drill."

There is nothing better than "Harlene," for no one knows better than the proprietors of "Harlene" what the hair needs to keep it in health, strength and beauty.

Are you suffering from weak hair, scanty locks; dry, shrivelled, lustreless tresses, scurf-infested or grease-impregnated heads of hair? Why not, then, renew your former attractiveness and hair plenitude by availing yourself of the benefit and blessings which the "Harlene" Hair Drill so freely bestows?

A GENEROUS OFFER.

To-day it is open to you to put its power to a personal test without any cost to yourself, for the proprietors, yielding to popular pressure, are renewing their offer of one week's free trial of "Harlene" as a "Hair Drill." The gift bottle is sent without obligation, the only proviso being that the cost of postage (3d.) to any part of the world, is included in the letter of application, or if called for no charge whatever is made. Fill in, therefore, the form of application below and forward to the address given thereon.

You may rest assured that through "Harlene" administration Nature will speedily reassert itself, and that any unnatural condition of your hair will be both checked and cured.

Further supplies may be had from Chemists and Stores all over the world at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle

Movement No. 1. *Movement No. 2.*

In conclusion, it may be added that no greater mistake can be made than resorting to internal remedies, which will only disorganise and ruin the constitution, or by using cheap, worthless remedies, which will only aggravate hair unhealthiness.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

(Free "Hair Drill" Test.)

To EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C.

DEAR SIRS,—Please send me Booklet, directions, and supply of "Harlene" for the "Hair Drill" Test. I enclose three penny stamps for carriage. If called for, no charge is made.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Penny Illustrated Paper, Dec. 14, 1907.

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sick headache, biliousness, heartburn, pains after eating, indigestion, constipation, "liverishness," &c., take Beecham's Pills. There is nothing better for the relief and remedy of all functional disorders of the stomach, bowels, liver, and kidneys. If you would keep those important organs in regular action and free from sluggishness, Beecham's Pills will be found most efficacious. Thousands of people take no other medicine. "Prevention is better than cure," and it is far wiser to ward off some ailment instead of first suffering from it and then treating it. An occasional dose of this world-famous medicine will work wonders in keeping you "fit" and up to the mark. No home should ever be without

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